ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

Screenplay by

William Goldman

Based on the Book

by

Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward

WILDWOOD ENTERPRISES, INC. MAY 10, 1975

FADE IN:

1 ON WHITE 1

Just white. The screen isn't blank, that's something white up there. But what? It's impossible to tell. It doesn't go away though. It just stays there, the whole screen white and then suddenly --

2 BLAMMMMMM! 2

There is what sounds like a shot and it reverberates and whatever the hell it was has made a small mark in the white and the whole effect should be startling. Now, on the white, we can see what the mark is and it's this:

the letter J

3 BLAMMMMM! 3

Another terrifying sound and now we see what that is:

the letter U

4 Now a sound begins to be heard. Soft but getting louder and louder and it's a celebration. SCREAMS and CHEERS and 4

BLAMMMMMMM!

the letter N

It's clear now that the white we saw at the beginning was a piece of paper and the sound is that of a typewriter cutting into the paper, the keys forming words. What is finally typed out is the following: JUNE 1, 1972.

5 And the celebration sound now starts becoming clear too, because we bleed away from the white into Newsreel footage and it's R. M. Nixon at the moment of his greatest triumph, coming back from Russia, Nixon the peacemaker and all around him are the trappings of power, the band and the secret service escort and the helicopters and the crowds cheering louder and louder. The footage is black and white and just sensational and as it reaches a cacophonous peak, a new tinny tiny sound starts, gradually growing louder too and when it becomes more than a little noticable we 5

CUT TO:

6 and 7 OMITTED 6 and 7

8 INT. GARAGE 8

A young Black Security Guard (FRANK WILLS) making his rounds. He tours the Watergate garage, looking for nothing in particular. He starts out of the garage, stops, stares and we

CUT TO:

9 THE DOOR 9

The tape is visible. Wills walks over to it, opens the door, sees that the tape keeps it from locking. He hesitates, shrugs, mutters to himself, and as he pulls the tape from the door --

CUT TO:

10 THE DOOR 10

locking, the CLICK audible.

11 EXT. STREET - WILLS FROM WATERGATE GARAGE - NIGHT 11

We PAN with him as he leaves the garage and heads across the street toward a Howard Johnson sign. He enters the coffee shop.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM AT HOWARD JOHNSON'S - LOOKING OUT TOWARD BALCONY - NIGHT 12

On the TV sits a rather elaborate radio. BALDWIN is finishing a Howard Johnson's milkshake. A sheaf of $100 bills is on the bed.

13 THRU WINDOW - WILLS IN THE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 13

having a cup of coffee and daydreaming.

CUT TO:

14 BALDWIN - NIGHT 14

Now alone in his room, moves to his balcony.

CUT TO:

15 INT. COFFEE SHOP 15

Wills gets up to pay.

CUT TO:

16 BALDWIN - FROM BALCONY SIDE (BOTH ANGLES) 16

stands lazily out on the balcony.

CUT TO:

17 WILLS - BALDWIN'S POV 17

Seen from high above, Wills crosses the street back to the Watergate.

18 THE GARAGE OF THE WATERGATE 18

As Frank Wills returns. He walks past the fateful door, then pauses, backtracks. He stares hard at:

19 THE DOOR 19

The tape is back.

20 CLOSEUP - WILLS 20

as he opens the door.

21 WILLS' POV 21

The empty stairwell.

22 WILLS - WIDER ANGLE FROM INSIDE STAIRWELL 22

As he carefully shuts the door. From the empty stairwell and the closed door.

23 FIFTH FLOOR STAIRWELL 23

As, from below, we see part of a man standing guard. We hear SCRATCHING and muffled POUNDING from above.

CUT TO:

24 WASHINGTON AT NIGHT - LONG SHOT 24

An open airy shot.

CUT TO:

23 FIFTH FLOOR STAIRWELL

As, from below, we see part of a man standing guard. We hear SCRATCHING and muffled POUNDING from above.

CUT TO:

24 WASHINGTON AT NIGHT LONG SHOT

An open airy shot

CUT TO:

25 WASHINGTON AT NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

We pick up a carful of scruffy GWU students as we

CUT TO:

25A THREE YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

out driving around. They all wear G.W. T-shirts. Then suddenly there is a SOUND which lets us know they're not quite your ordinary Joe Colleges — a police radio starts blaring away —

RADIO (over)

Car 727 — Car 727 — possible robbery at the Watergate Office Building..

DRIVER COP
(Sargeant Leeper but not named)

You sure you want us? — 518's closer and they're in uniform —

RADIO VOICE (over)

— they're getting gas, you take it.

As Leeper nods —

CUT TO:

26 BALDWIN ON HIS BALCONY

Idly watching the street below. As he watches without any particular interest

CUT TO:

26B CONTINUED: 26B

Sweat runs down Gonzalez' back. In the foreground McCORD stands guard. We never get a good view of the men as they work and we see only a piece of McCord in the frame. Gonzalez slips noisily, and McCord joins the men on the sixth floor.

McCORD
SSSSHHH... let's get out of here.

BARKER
Come on -- we're almost in.

The door gives way and the men burst into the darkened hallway.

CUT TO:

26C BALDWIN ON THE BALCONY - WIDE SHOT 26C

Baldwin watches from one of the many cage-like balconies as we

CUT TO:

27 MED. SHOT - THE BURGLARS - BALDWIN'S POV 27

Through the glass wall we see the burglars burst into the hallway of the DNC. The beams from their flashlights trace their progress toward O'Brien's office as the CAMERA DOLLIES with them.

CUT TO:

28 BALDWIN IN CLOSEUP 28

on the balcony watching.

CUT TO:

29 BALDWIN'S POV OF WATERGATE 29

The flashlight beams are tiny fireflies flitting on the sixth floor of the darkened building. Suddenly the eighth floor LIGHTS UP.

CUT TO:

30 and 31 BALDWIN

Hurriedly leaves his balcony. Once in his room he picks up his walkie-talkie. Behind him, through the curtains of his room we can see the eighth floor of the Watergate lit up.

BALDWIN
Base headquarters, Base One to any Unit, do you read me?

HUNT (v.o.)
I read you, go on, what have you got?

BALDWIN
The lights just went on in the entire eighth floor.

HUNT (v.o.)
We know about that. That is the two o'clock guard check. Okay, let us know if anything else happens.

In the b.g., we see the eighth floor lights go out.

BARKER (v.o.)
(over radio)
This is number one. We are home.

CUT TO:

32 INSIDE THE DNC INNER SANCTUM

The glass door has just been forced and four of the five burglars are inside the darkened room. Barker is speaking on the walkie-talkie.

BARKER
(continuing)
We are home.

HUNT (v.o.)
Okay, message received. Do not turn on any lights or make any noise. There is a change of guard.

The men stand frozen in the darkness for a long agonizing beat. Then

CUT TO:

appears at the glass door in a big hurry --

STURGIS
Someone's come through the back door!

CUT TO:

34 DNC INNER SANCTUM - FULL SHOT 34

The five men scurry for cover -- hide and seek for big stakes. McCord, Martinez and Sturgis end up jammed together behind a glass partition; Barker and Gonzalez hide behind a desk in the same cubicle.

CUT TO:

35 THE POLICE 35

In the darkened DNC hallway, seen from the balcony. They turn on the hall light, then head TOWARD CAMERA, Barrett in the lead. Barrett reaches the Platform Committee Room, turns on the light, starts to search, gun drawn. Leeper and Shoffler enter behind him; the CAMERA BACKS OFF and FOLLOWS them onto the balcony. Shoffler has drawn his gun. The men glance to their left, then head right along the balcony. Inside, Barrett finishes his search and moves down the lit hallway in the background. He enters another room, turns on light and searches. Meanwhile Shoffler and Leeper have reached the end of the balcony. Shoffler takes Leeper's flashlight and crawls on the ledge beyond.

Over the police we hear Baldwin's voice and Hunt's response, filtered through the walkie-talkie:

BALDWIN (v.o.)
Base one, Unit One, are our people in suits or are they dressed casually?

HUNT (v.o.)
Our people are in suits, why?

BALDWIN (v.o.)
You have some trouble here because there are some individuals here who are dressed casually and have got their guns out.

HUNT (v.o.)
Are you reading this? Hello, hello...

CUT TO:

35 THE POLICE

In the darkened DNC hallway, seen from the balcony. They turn on the hall light, then head toward camera, Barrett in the lead. Barrett reaches the Platform Committee Room, turns on the light, starts to search, gun drawn. Leeper and Shoffler enter behind him; the CAMERA BACKS OFF AND FOLLOWS them onto the balcony. Shoffler has drawn his gun. The men glance to their left, then head right along the balcony. Inside, Barrett finishes his search and moves down the lit hallway in the background. He enters another room, turns on light and searches. Meanwhile Shoffler and Leeper have reached the end of the balcony. Shoffler takes Leeper's flashlight and crawls on the ledge beyond.

Over the police we hear Baldwin's voice and Hunt's response, filtered through the walkie-talkie:

BALDWIN
(v.o.)
— Base One to Unit One — Base One to Unit One.

MAN (v.o.)
(it was HOWARD HUNT, but he will not be identified as such here)
— Come in, Base one —

BALDWIN
Are our men dressed in suits or kind of more casually?

HUNT (v.o.)
What?

BALDWIN
(hopefully)
I said, were any of them, maybe, by any chance, wearing T-shirts?

HUNT (v.o.)
Our people are dressed suits.

CUT TO:

36 RESUME DNC INNER SANCTUM FULL SHOT

The darkened room, empty save for the SOUND of anxious breathing.

CUT TO:

37 OUT

41 CONTINUED: 41

Simons carries a photograph and he walks quickly.

Right now the newsroom is quiet. A few clusters of reporters here and there. Mostly people alone, reading the paper and drinking coffee, getting ready to face the day.

Simons passes one cluster of reporters, all of them hovering around a desk. Stretched back in his chair kibitzing over coffee is CARL BERNSTEIN.

42 INT. HARRY ROSENFELD'S OFFICE - HARRY ROSENFELD - DAY 42

The Metropolitan Editor of the Washington Post, in his office. ROSENFELD is on the phone, going over notes on a memo pad as Howard Simons enters his office.

ROSENFELD
(talking into phone and writing all at once)
Walkie-talkie, 40 rolls of film -- exposed or unexposed? -- okay -- two 35 millimeter cameras -- got it -- got it -- got it.

(hangs up; to Simons)
Lewis got inside where the burglary was. He's tracking down a floor plan of the place. One of the burglars had $814.00, one $320.00, one $215.00, one $234.00. Most of it was in $100 bills... in sequence.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

Simons tosses a photograph onto Rosenfeld's desk (INSERT of photo), as Rosenfeld dials another number. It is a photograph of a car crashed into the bedroom window of a house.

SIMONS
What do you think of this?

They both laugh.

ROSENFELD
(as he dials Woodward)
Terrific art.

SIMONS
You don't know the best yet. The front half of the car actually went into the bedroom while the people were sleeping.
(to Reporter outside the office?
Anything on the couple?

WOODWARD'S VOICE
Yeah?

ROSENFELD
(into phone)
Woodward. There's been a break-in at Democratic Headquarters. There's been an arrest. I want you to check the time of the arraignment and get over there.

WOODWARD (9:00 A.M.)
(a very sleepy voice)
Uh-huh.

ROSENFLED
(impatiently)
There were five of them.

WOODWARD
Where?

ROSENFELD
Watergate.

WOODWARD
Okay. Local Democratic Headquarters .... What else?

43 Howard Simons stands over Harry, going over his notes. 43
(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

In back of him, Carl Bernstein, coffee cup in hand, walks into the room. He stands there listening.

ROSENFELD
(to Woodward on phone)
As usual, that keen mind of yours has pegged the situation perfectly... except it wasn't local Democratic Headquarters, it was national and when they were arrested at two-thirty this morning, they were all wearing business suits and Playtex gloves -- and they were bugging the place. The preliminary hearing's in Superior Court. Get over there.

He hangs up.

SIMONS
(handing Rosenfeld his notes)
Pretty flush burglars.

BERNSTEIN
I know the staff at the Watergate, do you need help?

ROSENFELD
Bernstein, why don't you finish one story before trying to get on another?

BERNSTEIN
I'm finished, I'm just finishing.

SIMONS
(picking up the photo)
Anything else going?

ROSENFELD
(shakes his head as he starts to dial again)
Just the break-in and the car crash.

BERNSTEIN
(walking out)
I'll finish polishing, Harry and work the phones.

CUT TO:

44 CONTINUED:

INT. COURT 2:00AM DAY SAT PM 6/17

WOODWARD
(to the Counsel's Clerk)
Could you give me the names of the lawyers for the men arrested in the Watergate?

CLERK
These two were appointed -- (indicates the angry men) -- only now it turns out the burglars got their own counsel.

He starts to laugh.

FIRST ANGRY LAWYER
(to Clerk)
What's funny?

WOODWARD
That's kind of unusual, wouldn't you say?

CLERK
For burglars it's unusual.

WOODWARD
What's the counsel's name?

CUT TO:

45 INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY 45

Muggers, pimps, hookers, their families and friends.

46 INT. THE AUDIENCE - DAY 46

One man stands out -- MARKHAM. He is extremely well-dressed and obviously successful. Beside him sits another smaller man, who is unshaven and squints. Woodward moves in, sits alongside Darius.

WOODWARD
Mr. Markham? Bob Woodward, I'm from the Post. I wanted to ask about how you happened to come on this case --

MARKHAM
-- I'm not here.

WOODWARD
(nods)
Okay.

He takes out a small notebook, writes.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

MARKHAM
(uneasy, impatiently)
Clearly, I am here, but only as an individual. I'm not the attorney of record.

WOODWARD
Who is the attorney of record?

MARKHAM
(indicating unshaven man)
Mr. Starkey has that position. *

WOODWARD
Do you...?

MARKHAM
(cuts him off)
Whatever you want, you'll have to get from him, I have nothing more to say.

And as he gets up, walks off --

CUT TO:

47 INT. CORRIDOR IN COURTHOUSE - THE WATER FOUNTAIN - DAY 47

There is a small line. Markham waits at the end of it.

WOODWARD
(moving in behind him)
Mr. Starkey was very helpful. Four Cuban-Americans and this other man, James McCord.

MARKHAM
Look, I told you inside -- I have nothing more to say.

Markham turns away; Woodward goes right on.

WOODWARD
I understand that. What I don't understand is how you got here.

MARKHAM
I assure you, there's nothing mysterious involved.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

WOODWARD
Well, but a little while ago, I was talking to a couple of lawyers who'd been assigned to represent the burglars.

MARKHAM
So?

WOODWARD
Well, they never would have been assigned if anyone had known the burglars had arranged for their own counsel. Only the burglars didn't arrange for their own counsel since they never even made a phone call.
(looks at Markham)
So, if they didn't ask for you to be here, why are you here?

MARKHAM
Please don't take it personally, Mr. Woodward, it would be a mistake to do that, I just don't have anything to say.

Markham turns, leaves the line without getting a drink. Silently Woodward watches. Now --

CUT TO:

48 INT. COURTROOM - MARKHAM - DAY 48

seated as before beside Starkey. Woodward's voice comes from behind him, and as Markham turns, Woodward is seated one row back.

WOODWARD
Did one of the other men involved in the break-in call you?

MARKHAM
What reason is there to assume other people were involved in the break-in?

WOODWARD
Your clients were arrested with a walkie-talkie.

Markham looks at Woodward, turns back.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

MARKHAM
(turning back)
They are not my clients, I don't wish to talk about it any longer.

WOODWARD
You're a lawyer and you're here --

MARKHAM
-- I met one of the defendants, Mr. Barker, at a social occasion once --

WOODWARD
Where?

MARKHAM
I have nothing more to say.

Woodward leans forward as Markham turns away again.

WOODWARD
A Miami social occasion? Mr. Starkey told me the Cubans were from Miami.

MARKHAM
(sighing)
It was not in Miami. It was in D.C. It was cocktails at the Army Navy Club. We had a sympathetic conversation. That's all I'm going to say.

WOODWARD
But what're you doing here? It doesn't make sense. Can I just write that "you had nothing more to say than that you aren't here?"

MARKHAM
(sighing)
Barker's wife called me at three this morning; her husband apparently had told her to call if he hadn't contacked her by then.

WOODWARD
But why would he call you? You'd only met him once...Mr. Markham?.....
Mr. Markham, why would he call you?

CUT TO:

49 INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY - SATURDAY, 3:30 P.M. 49

as without warning, it quiets. There is suddenly a tremendous air of expectancy, you can feel it. Now we see why as five men in dark business suits are led in; they've been stripped of belts, ties and shoelaces. McCord is taller than the others. They stand, facing the JUDGE, backs to the audience.

50 WOODWARD 50

sits watching as the proceedings start, but it's hard to hear. He concentrates as the Judge starts speaking.

51 THE JUDGE 51

JUDGE
Will you please state your professions.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

The five men do not move or reply. Then, after a long pause, Barker says:

BARKER
Anti-Communists.

JUDGE
Anti-Communists?
(perplexed)
That, sir, is not your average occupation.

52 WOODWARD 52

starts moving forward trying to hear. At the front of the spectators' section is a fence-like wooden barricade about three feet high. As he approaches it --

53 THE JUDGE 53

indicates the bald burglar.

JUDGE
Your name, please.

McCORD
James McCord.

JUDGE
Will you step forward, sir.

McCord obeys.

54 WOODWARD 54

at the bench is leaning forward, trying to hear but it's hard.

55 THE JUDGE AND McCORD 55

with the other four men a few steps behind.

JUDGE
And what is your occupation, Mr. McCord?

McCORD
(softly)
Security Consultant.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE
Where?

McCORD
(softer)
Government. Recently retired.

JUDGE
Where in government?

McCORD
(we can't really make this out)
... Central... Intelligence... Agency...

JUDGE
(he can't either)
Where?

McCORD
(clearing his throat)
The C.I.A.

56 CLOSEUP - WOODWARD 56

He leans over the low fence, practically falling forward in a desperate effort to catch what's going on.

WOODWARD
(stunned)
Holy shit.

CUT TO:

57 INT. NEWSROOM AND ROSENFELD'S OFFICE - DAY (DUSK) - ALMOST 6:30 P.M., SATURDAY, JUNE 17 57

Rosenfeld stands by his desk and crowded across from him are AL LEWIS, a Police Reporter in a blue regulation Metropolitan Policeman's sweater, a thin goateed man, BACHINSKI, and Woodward and Bernstein.

WOODWARD
... two of the men had aliases. James W. McCord alias Edward Martin and Frank Sturgis who also used the alias Frank Fiorini.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

LEWIS
This was the third break-in attempt in a month. The first one was May 28. The burglars arrested this morning were registered as guests at the Watergate on May 28 — under the same names. It seems pretty carefully planned.

ROSENFELD
It seems pretty carefully fucked up. Why would they use the same names? Go on —

LEWIS
They were using very sophisticated equipment.

ROSENFELD
Any proof they were trying to bug the Democratic chairman?

BERNSTEIN
It's obvious they were trying to bug O'Brien. They wouldn't go to all that trouble to bug some secretaries.

LEWIS
No. There's no proof.

BERNSTEIN
Frank Sturgis is a soldier of fortune who fought for Castro in Cuba and then he left Cuba, became head of an International Anti-Communist organization that worked AGAINST Castro.

ROSENFELD
How do you know?

BERNSTEIN
I made some calls. And another of the suspects, Bernard Barker, has worked off and on for the C.I.A. since the Bay of Pigs invasion. Martinez also began Pro-Castro and then turned against him. The whole thing has a pretty big C.I.A. strain running through it.

57 CONTINUED:

WOODWARD
(arguing)
Only one of them admitted he was C.I.A. and the C.I.A. won't even confirm that. In fact, they deny even knowing McCord.

BERNSTEIN
With all that money and that equipment, I think it's obvious that...

ROSENFELD
I'm not interested in what you think is obvious. I'm interested in what you know. What we DON'T know is why they would want to bug the Democratic Headquarters, whether they were working for themselves or other organizations or other individuals.

LEWIS
Bashinski, when you get down there tonight, don't push too hard. The police are tired and uptight. And the word is out — no leaks.

CUT TO:

58 SIMON'S OFFICE

He finishes reading, looks at Rosenfeld.

SIMONS
This town is full of stories that are known but not proven. There could be a hell of a story here, but we don't know what it is yet...still could be crazy Cubans.

CUT TO:

58A INT. FOYER NEWSROOM 5TH FLOOR - DAY (DUSK)

Bernstein is waiting for the elevator with some reporter friends. One is a girl.

CUT TO:

58B ELEVATOR DOORS 58B

open, and Bernstein's group gets in, followed by Bob Woodward who is by himself.

58C INT. ELEVATOR 58C

There is an easy camaraderie between Bernstein and his friends. Woodward stands by himself, not joining in.

58D EXT. WASHINGTON POST - DAY (DUSK) 58D

Bernstein and his friends go off in one direction, Woodward in another.

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. NEWSROOM - NEXT MORNING 60

It is Sunday and the room is relatively empty. Woodward is at his desk. The Washington Post is on his desk. We see the FIRST WATERGATE STORY. It's not the lead but it is clearly visible. The by-line is that of Alfred E. Lewis.

Woodward is on the phone, talking. There is a sheet of legal paper which looks like it has chicken tracks on it in front of him listing leads on McCord.

ROSENFELD
(just arriving)
What are you doing?

WOODWARD
Checking on people who knew McCord.

ROSENFELD
The AP's got the story -- McCord worked for the Committee to Re-Elect the President. Security Coordinator -- we should have had that story. We didn't get it.

He starts to walk away. He's boiling.

ROSENFELD
(continuing)
I am very interested in finding out why the head of Security for a Republican agency should get caught bugging the National Democratic Headquarters.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

Bernstein is coming over.

ROSENFELD
(continuing)
I am very interested in knowing what that means.

As Bernstein comes up to Rosenfeld, tear release in his hand:

BERNSTEIN
Harry, did you see the AP story on McCord?

ROSENFELD
Yes, Carl, I know.

BERNSTEIN
John Mitchell says it doesn't mean anything.

Bernstein hands the release to Rosenfeld.

ROSENFELD
(reading it aloud)
"John Mitchell, Head of CRP said 'There is no place in our campaign or in the electoral process for this type of activity and we will not permit nor condone it.'" John Mitchell has been the Attorney General of the United States and he's run two presidential campaigns. I would say that anyone with those qualifications...
(beat)
... doesn't always speak the truth. Carl, what are you doing here on Sunday? I hope it's to finish the Legislature story.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Bernstein to his desk where he sits down and types a MEMO for Howard Simons and Harry Rosenfeld. Subject: The Break-in at Democratic Headquarters. He starts to type:

CUT TO:

61 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD'S DESK (LATE DAY) 61

Woodward is going over a list of phone numbers he's compiled to investigate McCord. The CAMERA STOPS on:

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

James W. McCord
McCord Associates 414 Hungerford Drive
Rockville, Md.
home: 7 Winder Court
Rockville, Md.

GO OUT on McCord's home address.

62 and 63 OMITTED 62 and 63

64 EXT. WINDER STREET - NIGHT 64

Woodward drives up and stops his car near the McCord house. The lights are on in the house. He rings the doorbell several times and walks around the house. He has a strong feeling someone is home but not answering.

He leaves, frustrated.

65 thru 71 OMITTED 65 thru 71

72 CLOSEUP - HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS - MONDAY, JUNE 19TH (AFTER MIDNIGHT) 72

It's new money, it looks like it's been ironed. Someone is going through it as we hear --

FIRST VOICE (OVER)
Hey, hurry it, Backinski --

BACHINSKI
One minute.

73 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 73

A room in a police station. ONE MAN, A COP, is terribly nervous. The other, a reporter, Bachinski, we've seen before in the Babel sequence. He hurriedly continues to examine the evidence --

COP
I'm risking my ass letting you see this stuff -- will you for chrissakes hurry it --

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

BACHINSKI
Just a second... just a second.

Suddenly he stops, stares at an address book he's been leafing through.

CUT TO:

74 INT. POLICE STATION - CLOSE ON THE ADDRESS BOOK - NIGHT - SUNDAY NIGHT (AFTER MIDNIGHT) 74

Beside the name "Howard Hunt" is the notation "W. House." Now, Bachinski, hurriedly opens the other book to the letter "H" and there is the same name, "Howard Hunt" and beside it, the letters "W.H."

BACHINSKI
And these notebooks were found in the burglars' hotel rooms?

COP
Yeah.

CAMERA MOVES IN on letters "W. House".

75 INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - SUNDAY NIGHT (AFTER MIDNIGHT) 75

Woodward is at his desk, half asleep but still going over a list of leads on McCord. From all the additions of notes we can see how many people he spoke to that day. He's hardly happy with the result.

The phone RINGS:

WOODWARD
Bachinski?
(he reaches for a notebook)
What? -- hold it --
(gets notebook opens, writes)
... go. Yeah, go ahead.

76 INT. THE NEWSROOM - DAY - MONDAY, JUNE 19 (ABOUT 3:00 P.M.) 76

Woodward picks up the sheet of yellow paper from his desk. Lined, legal-sized, it is crammed with names and numbers and addresses. They are in no neat order; chicken tracks. Woodward mutters to hell with it and reaches for a thick book, flips it open.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

Dialing the number of Howard Hunt in the Maryland directory and no answer. He starts looking in the Washington phone directory and we're in the W's. We can see he is looking at the White House entry number. There is is, just like yours and mine. Listed.

77 OMITTED 77

78 INT. NEWSROOM AT WOODWARD'S DESK - WOODWARD 78

starts to dial, visibly nervous, a fact he tries very hard to keep out of his voice tone.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (v.o.)
White House.

WOODWARD
Ho (casually)
Howard Hunt, please.

Through the following call, WE STAY on Woodward's face, hear the other voices.

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (v.o.)
Mr. Hunt does not answer.

Woodward is delighted he's even there.

WOODWARD
Thanks, anyway --

And he's about to hang up, when --

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (v.o.)
He might be in Mr. Colson's office. *

WOODWARD
Uh-huh. Good. Let's try Colson. *

WHITE HOUSE OPERATOR (v.o.)
I'll connect you. *

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Charles Colson's office.

WOODWARD
(a little more excited)
Howard Hunt, please.

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Mr. Hunt isn't here just now.

WOODWARD
Thanks, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED

And he's about to hang up again when —

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Have you tried the Mullen firm? He works at Mullen and Company Public Relations as a writer. Just a moment. I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

WOODWARD
Listen, forget it.

He hangs up, sits there. His hands are a little twitchy — HOLD.

CUT TO:

79 ROSENFELD

hurrying (he always hurries) toward his office. Woodward, looking for something in his desk throughout this scene, speaks to him.

WOODWARD
Who's Charles Colson?

ROSENFELD
I'm glad you asked me that. The reason I'm glad you asked me that is because if you had asked Simons or Bradlee that question, they would have said "we must fire this shmuck at once. He is so dumb"... and then they would have fired me for being the shmuck who hired you. That's why I'm glad you asked me that question. The most powerful man in America is President Nixon. You've heard of him? The second most powerful man is H. R. "Bob" Haldeman. Just below him is Mr. John Ehrlichman, who is Haldeman's friend, and they protect the President from everybody which is why they're referred to as the German Shepherds. Mr. Mitchell, we've already discussed. Mr. Colson is the President's special counsel.

WOODWARD
(rising)
Thanks, Harry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSENFELD *
There's a cartoon on Colson's wall. The caption reads, "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow."

30 INT. NEWSROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY 30

Woodward is at his desk dialing the phone. He's got the Colson file spread out now, and we can see pictures of the man and articles the Post had done on him.

WOODWARD *
(doodling)
"When you've got them by the balls...."
Hello, I'm Bob Woodward of the Washington Post and...
(beat) MULLEN AND COMPANY
Mullen and Company Public Relations? Could you tell me when you expect Mr. Hunt?
ONE MOMENT PLEASE (surprised) ~~HE'S IN HIS OFFICE.~~ ~~I'LL CONNECT~~
He is?

HUNT (v.o.)
Howard Hunt here.

WOODWARD
Hi, I'm Bob Woodward of the Post and...

HUNT (v.o.)
-- yes, yes, what is it?

WOODWARD
I was just kind of wondering why your name and phone number were in the address books of two of the men arrested in Watergate?

HUNT (v.o.)
(blind panic)
Good God!
(a beat -- then after gaining control)
In view that the matter is under adjudication, I have no comment.

And as he bangs the phone down sharply:

81 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD AT HIS DESK - MONDAY, JUNE 19, 4:30 P.M. 81

More dialing SOUNDS. Now snatches of conversation -- SHOTS of notebook names Woodward is referring to.

WOODWARD
Hello, Mrs. Froman, I tried calling earlier but there wasn't any answer. I'm Bob Woodward of the Washington Post and your name was found in a notebook belonging to Howard Hunt -- WHO IS HOWARD HUNT? ANY MR.
(beat) I DON'T KNOW ~~ANYONE NAMED~~ HUNT.
-- well, why would your name be in his book, then?
(beat) I'M SURE I [redacted] CAN'T IMAGINE.
I can't imagine either, thank you, Mrs. Froman.

82 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD DIALING - DAY 82

WOODWARD
Yes, that's right, the Washington Post, and your publishing firm was listed in a notebook belonging to one of your authors, Howard Hunt. IS HE THE ONE WHO DID SOME SPY [redacted]
(beat) FICTION FOR US.
That's right, he does spy novels.
(beat) WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM. I HAVENT
How many years since you've heard HEARD FROM HI
from him? [redacted] SINCE 196
(beat) AT LEAST 5, I'M SURE.
Oh...

83 INT. NEWSROOM - MORE DIALING - DAY (Sp) 83

WOODWARD
(frazzled)
-- Mr. Hidalgo -- Mr. Hidalgo please --

We HEAR Mr. Hidalgo now -- he speaks only Spanish. (Sp)

WOODWARD
(continuing)
Hunt. H - U - N -

Interruption in SPANISH, Woodward tries talking with Spanish-English accent.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (5)

WOODWARD
(continuing)
Meester Howaardd Hunt.

More incomprehensible SPANISH.

WOODWARD
(continuing)
Never mind. Thank you.

84 DIALING - DAY

WOODWARD
(tired, voice deeper)
I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Bennett, but we're trying to confirm some information on one of your employees, Howard Hunt.

BENNETT (v.o.)
Well, if you've been doing some investigating then obviously it's no secret to you that Howard was with the C.I.A.

WOODWARD
(he hadn't known)
No secret at all.

85 MORE DIALING - DAY

Woodward's voice is showing genuine fatigue.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

WOODWARD
Hello, C.I.A. This is R. W. Woodward, of the Washington Post -- get me Personnel --

86 OMITTED

87 INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - JUNE 19TH, SEVERAL HOURS LATER (DUSK)

Simons, Rosenfeld and Woodward are there.

ROSENFELD
Whaddya got, whaddya got?

Woodward consults his notes.

(CONTINUED)

WOODWARD
Hunt worked for the C.I.A. till '70 and this is on deep background, the F.B.I. thinks he's involved with the break-in.

SIMONS
What else have you got?

WOODWARD
According to White House personnel, Hunt definitely works there as a consultant for Colson. But when I called the White House Press office, they said he hadn't worked there for three months. Then a P.R. guy said the weirdest thing to me:
(reading)
'I am convinced that neither Mr. Colson nor anyone else at the White House had any knowledge of, or participation in, this deplorable incident at the Democratic National Committee.'

He looks up at them.

SIMONS
Isn't that what you'd expect them to say?

ROSENFELD
So?

WOODWARD
I never asked them about Watergate. I only said what were Hunt's duties at the White House. They volunteered that he was innocent when nobody asked was he guilty.

ROSENFELD
(to Simons)
I think we got a White House consultant linked to the bugging.

SIMONS
Be careful how you write it.

Woodward exits.

SIMONS
Harry. This isn't a police story anymore. It's National. We should have a top political reporter on it.

ROSENFELD
They don't want it! They're all over the goddamn map covering primaries. This guy has busted his ass.

SIMONS
He's only been on the paper nine months. He's a humper but what experience has he had? Pieces on rat droppings in restaurants...

ROSENFELD
He got a few of them closed.

SIMONS
... and minor scandals in small government agencies.
(he picks up the phone)
Ask Harwood to come in.

ROSENFELD
Sure, Harwood's gonna want the story for the National Desk now that we've built it into something.

SIMON
I read Bernstein's cockamamie memorandum on who's behind the break-in. It's the most work I've seen from him in months --

ROSENFELD
He's pissed because I sent him back to the Virginia desk.

SIMONS
A lot of it's bullshit...

ROSENFELD
(seeing National Editor HARWOOD walking toward Simon's office)
Carl wants on the story bad... he knows a lot of people.

(CONTINUED)

ROSENFELD (cont'd)
Howard. They're hungry. You remember when we had Hungry?

Harwood, National Desk Editor, enters in the middle of his pleading.

88A INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD'S DESK - DAY (DAWN) 88A

Woodward finishes a page of the story and takes it out of his typewriter and leaves it with the City Editor's desk. He goes back to his own desk.

88B WOODWARD 88B

As he types, he looks up and sees Carl Bernstein taking the sheet of paper Woodward had left on the City Desk back to his desk.

88C COUNTERPOINT 88C

going on within sight of one another:

A) The fight among the editors over whether they should keep the story at the Metropolitan desk.

B) Woodward typing his story, becoming aware that Bernstein has taken it upon himself to re-write it.

88D BERNSTEIN'S DESK 88D

The only characther who seems at all pleased. 88D

88E WOODWARD GETS UP FROM DESK 88E *

starts slowly toward Bernstein. Moves to his desk, watches him marking up his story. Bernstein looks up. Smiles.

BERNSTEIN
How's it goin'?

Looks back down at his work, continues to type. Woodward waits a beat, then:

WOODWARD
What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

88E CONTINUED 88E *

BERNSTEIN
Polishing it up a little.

WOODWARD
What's wrong with it?

BERNSTEIN
Nothing, nothing, it's good.

WOODWARD
Then what're you doing with it?

BERNSTEIN
It's just a little fuzzy. I'm gonna help it, it'll be a hundred percent better.

WOODWARD
It doesn't need help.

BERNSTEIN
But I don't think you're saying what you mean.

WOODWARD
I know exactly what I mean.

BERNSTEIN
In your version I can't tell if Hunt works for Colson or Colson works for Hunt. And your conclusions aren't clear.

WOODWARD
May I have it please.

Bernstein gives it to him.

BERNSTEIN
Look, I know you went to Yale like Bradlee.

WOODWARD
Bradlee went to Harvard, and what's Yale got to do with it?

BERNSTEIN
You've only been here nine months, I've been in this business since I was sixteen.

(CONTINUED)

88E CONTINUED: 88E *

WOODWARD
Some fucking meteoric rise, where are you now, the Virginia desk?

BERNSTEIN
Come on, Woodward, I'm not making trouble, it's for the good of the paper.

WOODWARD
The paper or you?

BERNSTEIN
The paper!

Woodward begins to read Bernstein's story.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
I walked by, I gave it a glance, it didn't look right, so I figure I'll polish it up. Read it, read what I've written and tell me which is better! You give too much credit to the reader. You've got to sum it up for him in a package he can understand. Go on, read it, I'm tellin' ya, I think mine's better.

He waits as Woodward finishes the story. Hands paper to Bernstein.

WOODWARD
It is better.

Woodward takes his notebook from his pocket. Drops it on Bernstein's desk.

WOODWARD
Here's my notes. If you're gonna do it, get it right, be accurate. Don't hype it. *

Rosenfeld moves toward them.

ROSENFELD
Woodward, Bernstein, you're both on the story. Don't fuck it up.

He continues past them. Woodward moves back to his desk. Bernstein watches him go, then begins to re-work the story. Then suddenly turns and calls:

(CONTINUED)

88E CONTINUED: 88E *

BERNSTEIN
Hey, Stein, what's the girl that worked in Colson's office? Was it Colson's office?

CUT TO:

89 OMITTED 89

90 OMITTED 90 *

91 EXT. SMITHSONIAN INTSTITUTE OR SOME OTHER LARGE GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY 91

Bernstein is coming out of the building talking with an attractive GIRL.

GIRL
Stein is crazy, I never worked for Colson, I worked for an assistant. Colson was big on secrets anyway. Even if I had worked for him, I wouldn't have known anything.

BERNSTEIN
Nothing at all you can remember?

GIRL
(headshake)
Sorry.
(pause)
Now if it was Hunt you were interested --

BERNSTEIN
-- Howard Hunt?

GIRL
He was a very nice person. Secretive, but a decent man.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Any idea what he did?

GIRL
Oh, the scuttlebutt for a while was that he was investigating Kennedy --

BERNSTEIN
The White House was paranoid about Teddy Kennedy --

GIRL
I remember seeing a book about Chappaquiddick on his desk and he was always getting material out of the White House Library and the Library of Congress and --

CUT TO:

92 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY - JUNE 20TH? 2:00PM 92

Bernstein is at his desk, telephoning. Woodward comes to Bernstein's desk (carrying Hunt info.) and starts to interrupt Bernstein. Bernstein motions to the phone on the adjacent desk. Woodward picks up the phone on the nearby desk and he hears conversation with Librarian.

BERNSTEIN
White House Library, please.

We HEAR the other end of this phone call clearly.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
One moment.

LIBRARIAN (v.o.)
(elderly sounding lady)
Library.

BERNSTEIN
Hi, Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post. I was just wondering if you remember the names of any of the books that Howard Hunt checked out on Senator Kennedy.

LIBRARIAN (v.o.)
I think I do remember, he took out a whole bunch of material. Let me just go see.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

SOUND of the phone being laid down.

LIBRARIAN (v.o.)
(continuing)
Mr. Bernstein?

BERNSTEIN
Yes, ma'am.

LIBRARIAN (v.o.)
What I said before? I was wrong. The truth is, I don't have a card that Mr. Hunt took out any Kennedy material.

Woodward and Bernstein listen, and now there is something in her voice that wasn't there before: fear.

LIBRARIAN (v.o.)
(continuing)
I remember getting that material out for somebody, but it wasn't Mr. Hunt. The truth is, I've never had any requests at all from Mr. Hunt.
(beat)
The truth is, I don't know Mr. Hunt.

There is the SOUND of the phone being dropped into its cradle. Bernstein continues to hold his. He and Woodward just look at each other. Now --

CUT TO:

93 EXT. THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY (AFTERNOON) - JUNE 20 93

Now, as Woodward and Bernstein get out of a cab, Bernstein feels his pockets as though looking for money, but Woodward pays the fare. They go inside.

94 INT. OFFICE IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY 94

A male LIBRARIAN.

LIBRARIAN
You want all the material requested by the White House?

PULL BACK to reveal Woodward and Bernstein standing there. The Librarian looks at them then --

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

LIBRARIAN *
(continuing)
There's no possible way we can talk to you about any request from the White House.

BERNSTEIN *
It's just a regular book from a White House staffer.

LIBRARIAN
All White House transactions are confidential.

He goes.

95 INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN 95

walking along through the Library of Congress.

BERNSTEIN
We need a sympathetic face.

WOODWARD *
What we don't need is a bureaucrat.

CUT TO:

96 A BEARDED YOUNG-LOOKING CLERK 96

We're in the reading room of the Library, and Woodward and Bernstein are with him.

YOUNG CLERK
You want every request since when?

BERNSTEIN
(to Woodward)
When did Hunt start at the White House?

WOODWARD
July of '71.

BERNSTEIN
About the past year.

YOUNG CLERK
(starts to smile)
I'm not sure you want 'em, but I got 'em, right here in the bottom drawer. *

97 INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - JUNE 20 97

Woodward and Bernstein are seated at a table with anywhere from between 10 to 20 THOUSAND slips of paper. It's a staggering amount of work to thumb through.

98 thru 100 OMITTED 98 thru 100

101 EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DUSK 101

Woodward and Bernstein move down the steps of the Library toward a cab.

WOODWARD
Maybe the cards were pulled --

BERNSTEIN
Maybe the names were changed --

WOODWARD
There could have been a card and we missed it --

They are walking. Woodward is looking at a public phone booth.

WOODWARD
(continuing)
I met a young guy once at a social occasion.
(to himself)
A Presidential aide.

He goes to the phone booth as he reaches for change.

102 OMITTED 102

103 EXT. SIDEWALK 103

Bernstein is smoking. He lights a fresh cigarette off the butt end of another as he watches Woodward in the pay phone, a lot of change, talking. As Woodward finally exits --

BERNSTEIN
He say anything?

WOODWARD
(excited)
Off the record, but he said it.

BERNSTEIN
What, what?

WOODWARD
He confirmed that Hunt was assigned by the White House -- doesn't know who -- but he was definitely assigned to investigate Kennedy's private life.

(CONTINUED)

104 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY - WEDNESDAY, ~~JUNE~~ JULY 5TH

Rosenfeld is reading a draft of an article as he stands near Bernstein, typing at his desk. Woodward sits at an adjacent desk. As Bernstein finishes typing, Rosenfeld literally pulls the sheet out of his typewriter and starts to read it.

ROSENFELD
(to Bernstein)
You got accurate notes on the White House librarian.

Bernstein nods.

ROSENFELD
(continuing)
Okay, we'll leave space for the White House to comment and we should be set.

Suddenly he gestures and we —

CUT TO:

standing across the room. Without a nod, he moves toward Rosenfeld.

CUT TO:

106 INT. METROPOLITAN DESK - DAY (DUSK) - WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH - 6:30 P.M. 106

Woodward and Bernstein nervously watching BRADLEE (the Senior Editor of the paper) come toward them. As soon as Bradlee is within earshot, Rosenfeld starts his sell.

ROSENFELD
Ben, I got a present for you. Above the fold on page one for sure. A good, solid piece of American journalism --
(beat)
-- that the New York Times doesn't have.

Bradlee by this time has taken the story, grabbed an unoccupied chair, sat down, started to read. His only response to Rosenfeld is an intermittent 'un-huh, uh-huh'.

CUT TO:

107 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN 107

watch as the silence goes on. Finally Bradlee looks up.

BRADLEE
You haven't got it.
(before they can reply)
A librarian and a secretary say Hunt looked at a book.
(shakes his head)
Not good enough.

He begins editing the piece, slashing paragraphs out of it.

WOODWARD
I was told by this guy at the White House that Hunt was investigating Teddy Kennedy.

BRADLEE
How senior?

(CONTINUED)

WOODWARD
(edgy)
You asking me to disclose my source?

Other reporters are watching now. Bradlee is, as always, impatient.

BRADLEE
Just tell me his title.

WOODWARD
I don't know titles.

BRADLEE
(pressing)
Just tell me is he on the level of Assistant to the President or not.

WOODWARD
(soft, muttering)
I don't know that either.

He is beginning now, to tune out. Bradlee continues to work on their story.

BERNSTEIN
(as Bradlee writes, he reads; he crosses out "investigating")
We said Hunt was <u>investigating</u> Kennedy --

BRADLEE
(as he writes)
Showed a special interest in...

BERNSTEIN
Showed a special interest in...?

ROSENFELD
Can it go on page one?

BRADLEE
(hacking the story up)
Stick it inside someplace.

BERNSTEIN
(as he walks away)
This is a goddamn important story.

108 BRADLEE 108

He suddenly stares up, dead at Bernstein who shuts up fast. Bradlee stands, moves off.

BRADLEE
(as he goes)
Get some harder information next time.

109 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN 109

They stand there, crushed and angry. Rosenfeld pursues Bradlee.

BERNSTEIN
Fucking Bradlee -- protecting the Kennedys --

WOODWARD
He said we didn't have it, that's all.

BERNSTEIN
-- we had it --

WOODWARD
-- you pushed it too hard.

BERNSTEIN
You didn't stand up for the story. We had it cold --

WOODWARD
Bitching about it isn't going to get the story where we wanted it.

110 BERNSTEIN 110

walks over to his circle of friends, starts talking along the lines of "Did you hear that?" "Fucking Woodward, etc. etc. Bradlee etc. etc."

111 OMITTED 111

112 EXT. STREET - DUSK, JULY 5TH 112

Woodward is walking. He stops at a public phone booth. He stares at the phone a long beat. Then, he picks it up and dials fast.

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(we will come to know it's DEEP THROAT)
Yes.

WOODWARD
I want to talk about Watergate. I know that...

DEEP THROAT (OVER)
We're not going to talk about that subject.

WOODWARD
We talked about Wallace...

DEEP THROAT (OVER)
But this is different.

WOODWARD
That was about the shooting of a man running for President.

DEEP THROAT (OVER)
This is different.

WOODWARD
How?

DEEP THROAT (OVER)
Not about this story. Don't call me again.

CLICK. He has hung up.

112A OMITTED 112A

113 OMITTED

114 WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY (MORNING) - A WEEK LATER

The morning paper is outside the door. Woodward stoops grabs the paper, and as he does —

115 AN ENVELOPE

falls out from between the folds.

116 WOODWARD

grabbing for the envelope. He looks at it. On the outside is just one word, his name, written large: Woodward.

He rips open the envelope, and starts to read.

CUT TO:

117 A FLOWER POT

* PULL BACK to reveal Woodward, dressed now. He lugs
* a flower pot outside onto his little terrace. He puts the
* pot on the edge of the terrace, as visible as possible.

CUT TO:

118 WOODWARD

down in the alley behind his building, staring up toward his apartment.

119 THE TERRACE

The red flag waves in the morning breeze —

120 THE CITY ROOM - NIGHT - 1:00 A.M.

It's deserted except for a few people. Most of those present are playing cards. Woodward works at his desk until he glances up at a wall clock. It's one on the button. He rises.

CUT TO:

121 WOODWARD

racing down the stairway of the Post; as he hits the lobby, he turns.

122 EXT. THE POST CORNER - NIGHT 122

Woodward appears at the side exit. A line of small delivery vans wait for the newspapers. He walks around the corner, starts to run.

123 EXT. STATLER HILTON - NIGHT 123

He finds a cab at the hotel and gets in, roars off.

124 INT. CAB - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT 124

Woodward is sitting forward tensely, in profile. We see the White House in the b.g. as the cab moves along.

He takes out some money to pay the cab.

125 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 125

The cab is stopping. Woodward pays, gets out. The cab pulls away. When it is out of sight, Woodward starts to run again.

126 ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT 126

as Woodward runs by. It's not the nicest area in the world. He's going faster now.

127 WOODWARD - NIGHT 127

sees another cab. But it drives away without him.

128 THE SECOND CAB - NIGHT 128

He runs to it, gets in.

129 WOODWARD INSIDE THE CAB - NIGHT 129

The cab moves along passing Kennedy Center in the b.g.

130 AN OVERPASS - NIGHT 130

Woodward gets out of the second cab, pays. It starts away, but very slowly. Woodward waits. The cab doesn't turn. Woodward still waits. Finally the cab turns and the moment it does, Woodward starts to run again.

131 thru 133 OMITTED 131 thru 133

148 CONTINUED: 148

SECRETARY
And you will.
(smiles)

BERNSTEIN
I called him from Washington. He's the one who asked me to be here at eleven in the morning.

SECRETARY
I told you, he had to go out on a case.

CUT TO:

149 THE BENCH 149

as Bernstein slumps back down.

CUT TO:

150 BERNSTEIN 150

watching as a cop walks past the Secretary, enters an office behind. Bernstein is watching.

CUT TO:

151 and 152 OMITTED 151 and 152

153 ANOTHER UNIFORMED COP 153

walking by the Secretary's desk.

SECOND COP
Hey, Babe.

He enters the same office the first cop did.

CUT TO:

154 BERNSTEIN 154

still watching.

CUT TO:

155 THE SECRETARY 155

It is almost five o'clock now. Bernstein, his bench a sea of cigarette butts, slowly gets up and goes to the Secretary.

BERNSTEIN
(quietly)
Just tell Mr. Dardis I was here, that I'm sorry I missed him --

He walks out the double doors.

CUT TO:

156 INT. HALLWAY 156

Bernstein looks down the hall. At the end, opposite the Secretary's reception room, is a big glass door with a sign reading: Office of the Dade County Clerk. Bernstein goes into a phone booth in the corridor from which he can see both offices. He puts in a dime, and dials.

BERNSTEIN
Mr. Dardis' office, please.

CUT TO:

157 SECRETARY 157

The phone RINGS and she punches the button on the phone console.

SECRETARY
Mr. Dardis' office.

CUT TO:

158 INT. PHONE BOOTH IN CORRIDOR - BERNSTEIN - DAY 158

BERNSTEIN
This is Mr. Tomlinson in the clerk's office. Could you come across the hall for a moment? We've got some documents your boss probably should see.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

159 INT. PHONE BOOTH - BERNSTEIN - DAY 159

watching from phone booth as the Secretary hurries across the hallway. As we see her open the door of the clerk's office, Bernstein bolts out of the phone booth and runs into the reception room heading straight for the Secretary's desk.

CUT TO:

160 INT. RECEPTION AREA - BERNSTEIN 160

at her desk, looking at the telephone console, receiver in hand. He punches the button marked Intercom and we can HEAR it buzz somewhere.

VOICE (o.s.)
Dardis.

BERNSTEIN
Carl Bernstein's here to see you -- I don't know why, but he seems angry --

CUT TO:

161 DARDIS 161

emerging through one of the doors behind Bernstein Bernstein sees him.

BERNSTEIN
(to Dardis)
Look, you've been jerking my chain all day. If there's some reason you can't talk to me -- like the fact that you've already leaked everything to the New York Times -- just say so.

DARDIS
Listen, I've got a dinner -- can't we do this tomorrow?

BERNSTEIN
(headshake)
I'm on deadline.

The Secretary enters. *

DARDIS *
Tina, where did you go?

SECRETARY *
(looks at Bernstein)
I'm not sure.

CUT TO:

162 INT. DARDIS' OFFICE - DAY 162

He is fiddling with a combination lock at a filing cabinet. Bernstein is seated across Dardis' desk.

(CONTINUED)

DARDIS
You want Barker's phone stuff or his money stuff?

BERNSTEIN
Whatever.

He hands Bernstein some papers, glances at his watch.

DARDIS
I'll never get out of here in time.

BERNSTEIN
(flying through what he's been handed)
The telephone calls... we know about that.

DARDIS
The rest is Barker's bank records. It's mostly the eighty-nine thousand in Mexican cashiers checks --

BERNSTEIN
-- Yeah, that was in the Times this morning.

Bernstein continues to fly through the papers.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing; stops)
-- What's this Dahlberg check?

And as it's mentioned --

CUT TO:

163 INT. DARDIS' OFFICE - CLOSEUP - CASHIER'S CHECK - DAY 163

It's drawn on the First Bank and Trust Company of Boca Raton, Florida; it's dated April 10 and it's for twenty-five thousand dollars, payable to the order of Kenneth H. Dahlberg.

DARDIS' VOICE
That the twenty-five grand one?
-- Don't know --

CUT TO:

starting to copy the check in meticulous facsimile. Dardis watches.

DARDIS
I never could figure just who this Dahlberg was.
(watching Bernstein)
Think it might be anything?

BERNSTEIN
(casually)
This?
(shrugs)
Naw...

165 INT. JUSTICE DEPT. (MIAMI) - BERNSTEIN IN A PHONE BOOTH - JULY 31ST, 7:00 P.M. 165

We're in the lobby of the Justice Building and he's wildly excited.

BERNSTEIN
-- Woodward -- Woodward, listen -- I don't know what I got --
(he's holding the facsimile check)
-- and I think the Times has it too.

WOODWARD (v.o.)
-- find who? --

BERNSTEIN
(fast)
-- somewhere in this world there's a Kenneth H. Dahlberg...

WOODWARD
Kenneth who?

BERNSTEIN
Kenneth H. Dahlberg. And we gotta find him first...

CUT TO:

166 INT. POST RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT 166

Woodward is pulling down a copy of Who's Who, going through it, scowling, putting it back, grabbing another reference. Now, from the Newsroom beyond there comes a loud burst of excited NOISE.

CUT TO:

134 WOODWARD ENTERING THE GARAGE 134

135 and 136 OMITTED 135 and 136

137 ANOTHER LEVEL UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 137

Dimly lit. A few cars parked here and there. Woodward hesitates, looks around.

138 THE GARAGE - NIGHT 138

It's an eerie place, and his heels make noise and if you wonder if he's edgy, yes he is. He comes to the ramp leading down to lower levels, hesitates:

139 WOODWARD - NIGHT 139

quietly stepping off the ramp, continuing to look this way, that way --

140 TWO CARS PARKED BESIDE EACH OTHER - NIGHT 140

Nothing unusual about that. But then some cigarette smoke appears, trailing up and disappearing from between the cars. As Woodward moves forward --

CUT TO:

141 A MAN SITTING ON HIS HAUNCHES BETWEEN THE CARS - NIGHT 141

smoking. He leans with his back against the wall. There is an awkwardness at the start, a lot of tension. Movement. Pacing around.

DEEP THROAT
Where are you?

WOODWARD
The story's gone underground --

DEEP THROAT
-- and you thought I'd help?
(headshake)

WOODWARD
(this is all tense, difficult, a groundwork being set up)
You'll be on deep background.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOODWARD (cont'd)
I'll never quote you even as an anonymous source. You can trust me on that.

DEEP THROAT
Go on.

WOODWARD
Can you tell me what you know.

DEEP THROAT
(lights a cigarette)
It can't go that way. You tell me what you know and I'll confirm. Keep you in the right direction if I can, but that's all.

WOODWARD
We know that Hunt worked for Colson in the White House and Hunt was investigating Kennedy at Chappaquiddick.

DEEP THROAT
Well, that tells you a lot. What else?

WOODWARD
We're beginning to hear a lot about a lawyer from CRP named Gordon Liddy who was fired by Mitchell because he wouldn't talk to the F.B.I.

DEEP THROAT
You'll hear more.

WOODWARD
Do you think he'll talk?

DEEP THROAT
Liddy? At a gathering once he put his hand over a candle. And he kept it there. He kept it right in the flame until his flesh was seared. A woman who was watching asked what's the trick? Liddy said 'the trick is not minding...'

WOODWARD
But the story has stalled. It's drying up.

(CONTINUED)

DEEP THROAT
Forget the myths the media's created about the White House; the truth is, these are not very bright guys and things got out of hand.

WOODWARD
All we have are pieces, but we can't figure what the puzzle's supposed to look like. John Mitchell's resigned as the heed of CREEP. So he can spend more time with his family. We don't totally believe that.

DEEP THROAT
No, but it's still touching.

WOODWARD
Hunt's come in from the cold -- supposedly his lawyer had twenty-five thousand cash in a paper bag, and --

DEEP THROAT
-- follow the money.

WOODWARD
Right. And besides Hunt --
(now he stops, looks at Deep Throat)
What do you mean? Where?

DEEP THROAT
(same tone as before)
Follow the money.

CUT TO:

142 INT. NEWSROOM - THE UNIFAX MACHINE - TUESDAY, JULY 25 (AFTER MIDNIGHT) 142

CLOSE on a strange machine. It suddenly spits out the front page of the New York Times electronically. The words Barker and Liddy are in the small headline.

The NIGHT EDITOR and Bernstein are there. The Night Editor is on the phone.

WOODWARD
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

NIGHT EDITOR
Something just came in. You better get down here.

WOODWARD
Right.

A hanging up SOUND and --

CUT TO:

143 INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT 143

Woodward hurries into the room at the Post; Bernstein stares at the headline.

BERNSTEIN
I thought you'd like to hear it from me.

WOODWARD
What?

BERNSTEIN
The fucking New York Times.

WOODWARD
(turning away)
-- fifteen phone calls.

BERNSTEIN
-- fifteen or more phone calls from the burglars in Miami to Gordon Liddy at CREEP.

WOODWARD
-- why didn't we get that --

BERNSTEIN
-- Christ, and I even know somebody at the phone company --

WOODWARD
With access to records?

There is a pause. Then --

BERNSTEIN
God! I'd hate using him. If John Mitchell were after my phone records, I'd be screaming about my civil rights.

(CONTINUED)

WOODWARD
You're right. We shouldn't do it.

CUT TO:

144 LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY (NOON) - JULY 25TH 144

Lunch hour. The White House is half visible in the background.

A GUY Bernstein's age is sitting on a bench, eating a sandwich and drinking a beer. Bernstein comes up, sits.

BERNSTEIN
Tell me about the Times article, Irwin.

IRWIN
(looks at Bernstein)
Boy, if John Mitchell was after your phone records, would you be screaming...

BERNSTEIN
(cuts him off with)
Just tell me about the goddamn article...

IRWIN
It was accurate, but I can't get you a fuller listing -- all Bernard Barker's phone records have been subpoenaed. I think they're trying to find out if the break-in guys broke any Florida laws.

BERNSTEIN
Who's doing the subpoenaing?

IRWIN
A Miami D.A. The guy doing the investigating is named Dardis. I don't know his last name, you'll have to get that on your own.

He finishes his sandwich, stands.

BERNSTEIN
Irwin? I really feel bad, doing something like this -- you know that, don't you?

144 CONTINUED: 144

Irwin looks at Bernstein for a long time. Then --

IRWIN
Don't give me any more of your liberal shit, okay, Carl?

He walks off, doesn't look back. Bernstein gets his bicycle and rides off.

145 OMITTED 145

146 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY - JULY 25TH 146

Simons is circling around the fifth floor. Rosenfeld falls into step. They keep moving throughout.

ROSENFELD
I can predict the next words you're gonna say? "Anyone but Bernstein."

Simons gestures for Rosenfeld to continue.

ROSENFELD
(continuing)
I want to send a reporter to Miami.

SIMONS
Anyone but Bernstein.

ROSENFELD
Howard --

SIMONS
-- remember Toronto, Harry. He forgot he rented a Hertz car. He left it in the parking lot for 30 days. They didn't forget to send us the bill. *

ROSENFELD
That was awhile ago.

SIMONS
I don't get it -- you were the one who wanted to fire him.

Simons looks at him.

ROSENFELD
For the first time since I've known him, I think he's really humping...

CUT TO:

146A BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY 146A

A shambles. He is busy doing two things at once, studying notebooks and packing. MUSIC plays, lovely stuff; the Bach Brandenburgs. As the phone RINGS --

BERNSTEIN
(answering)
Yeah?
(pause)
Yes, this is Carl Bernstein.
(stunned)
You're repossessing my bicycle?
(softer)
Listen, I'm sure I paid this month's installment, so why don't you check your records before you go around hassling people?
(pause)
Oh...

And as he stands there --

CUT TO:

146B AN ATTRACTIVE, EFFICIENT-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN 146B

of Bernstein's age. She has just entered the apartment. Vivaldi is PLAYING now.

BERNSTEIN
Karen, I never would have bothered you but I'm off to Miami and they're gonna take away my ten-speed unless I get it straightened out fast.

KAREN
(glancing around the chaos)
Where are your bills, Carl?

BERNSTEIN
Oh, they're here.
(starts lifting debris from his desk)
I'm keeping much better records now, Karen.
(grabbing a big manila envelope)
See?
(hands it to her)

(CONTINUED)

KAREN
(looks inside)
Carl, it's a jungle.

Sits at his desk, takes out a mass of papers -- glancing at the top bill.

KAREN
(continuing)
I suggest you either pay this immediately or lay in a large supply of candles.
(studies another bill)
You'd give a stranger the shirt off your back -- except it wouldn't be paid for.

He smiles, gently begins massaging her shoulders as she studies his finances.

BERNSTEIN
Hey... very tense.

KAREN
(nods)
Lot of pressure at the Star.
(looking at the bills)
Carl, when we were together, you were four thousand dollars in debt; when we split, you were solvent. That may prove to be the outstanding single achievement of my life, and now look at this.
(sighs)
How much did the damn bike cost?

BERNSTEIN
Five hundred; six maybe.

KAREN
(looking at paper)
You're two months behind -- you got enough to cover?

BERNSTEIN
I think.

KAREN
Give me your checkbook then.

BERNSTEIN
It's right under that pile.

146B CONTINUED: (2) 146B

He indicates a mound of papers.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing; more rubbing now)
I'm glad you're out of it, Karen -- you're a terrific reporter and I turned you into a bookkeeper.

She pulls out the checkbook as he continues to massage her, more sensually now. She reaches back, puts her hands on his.

KAREN
I thought you had to get to Miami.

BERNSTEIN
There's always a later plane.

Karen looks at Bernstein a moment; then she kind of smiles gently, shakes her head.

KAREN
Aw, baby, I just wonder if you'll ever be able to get it together.

BERNSTEIN
How do you like that. I was just thinking the same thing about you.

CUT TO:

147 INT. RECEPTION AREA - MIAMI - DAY - MONDAY, JULY 31ST 147

Bernstein perspiring heavily. He is in a stifling office, seated on a hard bench. Outside: palm trees; we're in Miami. And judging from the number of cigarette butts strewn around, Bernstein's been there awhile.

Waiting.

148 INT. RECEPTION AREA - 3:00 P.M. 148

At the front a SECRETARY sits.

BERNSTEIN
Hi, it's me. I'm still here.

SECRETARY
(couldn't be nicer)
I'm so glad.

BERNSTEIN
I'd really like to see Mr. Dardis.

(CONTINUED)

167 OMITTED 167

168 WOODWARD - NIGHT 168

slamming the second reference shut, going back to the shelves and now --

CUT TO:

169 WOODWARD - NIGHT 169

sitting at a table, surrounded by reference books now, flipping from page to page and --

CUT TO:

170 OMITTED 170

171 INT. RESEARCH OR REFERENCE ROOM - WOODWARD - NIGHT 171

standing in front of a gigantic shelf filled with phone books, phone books from every city of consequence all alphabetically set up and --

DISSOLVE TO:

172 thru 174 MONTAGE 172 thru 174

Column after column of names, all of them beginning with the letter D and this now is a MONTAGE of all the names you ever heard of that sound like Dahlberg only they're not Dahlberg and then sometimes they are Dahlberg but they're not Kenneth Dahlberg except once or twice, they are Kenneth Dahlberg but if they are they're spelled wrong or the middle initial isn't H and we keep seeing these columns of phone company print and Woodward getting bleary trying to find what he's after and continually, there comes these bursts of excited NOISE from the city room and --

CUT TO:

175 INT. REFERENCE ROOM - A LIBRARIAN-TYPE GIRL - NIGHT 175

coming into the reference room. Woodward is putting phone books back, taking more out.

175 CONTINUED: 175

LIBRARIAN
(as Woodward looks at her)
-- you were the one asking for articles about Kenneth H. Dahlberg?
(as Woodward nods)
There aren't any.

WOODWARD
It was a chance, I didn't think there would be.

LIBRARIAN
All I could find was this picture.

WOODWARD
Thank you.

He takes faded newspaper picture from Librarian, looks at it.

176 INT. REFERENCE ROOM - THE PHOTO- NIGHT 176

It is a picture of Hubert Humphrey standing next to another man. That man is identified in the caption as one Kenneth H. Dahlberg.

177 WOODWARD 177

He studies the photo... trying to figure what to make of it. And he goes, takes out the Minneapolis phone book.

CUT TO:

178 THE COLUMN OF NAMES AGAIN 178

And slowly the D's appear, only this time, as we get closer and closer and the names file by, it's there. Big as life. Kenneth H. Dahlberg and --

CUT TO:

179 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD - NIGHT 179

at his desk, dialing. All around him, bursts of excited talk. Someone runs through saying "Eagelton resigned". Woodward has his notebook open, takes notes as he goes along.

WOODWARD
Mr. Dahlberg?

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
Yes?

WOODWARD
I'm Bob Woodward of the Washington Post.

DAHLBERG
(beat)
...yes?...

WOODWARD
About that twenty-five thousand dollar check deposited in the bank account of one of the Watergate burglars. Bernard Barker.
(beat, silence from Dahlberg)
As you know, the check has your name on it...
(beat, silence from Dahlberg)
We're doing a story on it. Do you want to comment or explain?

Beat; another; then --

DAHLBERG
I turn all my money over to the Committee.

WOODWARD
The Nixon re-election Committee?

DAHLBERG
Yes.

WOODWARD
How do you think your check got into that burglar's account?

DAHLBERG
I'm a proper citizen. What I do is proper.

WOODWARD
I understand.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

DAHLBERG
(very upset)
I've just been through a terrible ordeal. My neighbor's wife has been kidnapped.

WOODWARD
(doesn't make a lot of sense; he presses on)
I'm sorry to have to bother you, but how do you think your check got into Barker's --

CLICK. Dahlberg has hung up.

CUT TO:

180 WOODWARD - NIGHT 180

staring at the dead instrument. Angry at himself.

CUT TO:

181 and 182 OMITTED 181 and 182

183 WOODWARD'S PHONE 183

RINGING. He has two numbers, and one of the lights is flashing as we --

CUT TO:

184 WOODWARD 184

practically diving for the instrument, grabbing it.

WOODWARD
Woodward.
(beat)
Yes, sir.

ROSENFELD
(moving alongside, nudging)
Dahlberg?

WOODWARD
It's Clark MacGregor, the new head of CREEP.

ROSENFELD
I know who MacGregor is.

WOODWARD
Yes, sir... no, sir... listen... I'm sorry you feel that way... not... not... not unless it's warranted, no, sir. But I... listen... listen... I swear to you no one is out to get anybody...
(pause, the other light on his phone is flashing)
One second, Mr. MacGregor. Woodward. One second, Mr. Dahlberg. Mr. MacGregor, can I call you back? Thank you.

CUT TO:

185 OMITTED 185

186 WOODWARD 186

trying to hear, talking with Dahlberg again, taking notes, or trying to. It's a tough time.

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
I'm sorry I hung up before -- I wasn't sure you were a Post reporter.

WOODWARD
I think we were talking about your twenty-five thousand dollar check.

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
Obviously, this is difficult for me, I'm caught in the middle of something, I don't know what.

WOODWARD
What do you <u>think</u> it could be?

DAHLBERG
I raise a lot of money, you see. I'm Midwest Finance Chairman.

WOODWARD
For?... Hello?

186 CONTINUED: 186

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
(getting very tense now)
For the Committee.

WOODWARD
The Committee to Re-elect the President.

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
Yes.
(a burst now)
You see, I raised that money in cash and I have a winter home in Florida and I didn't want to carry all that cash around, you can understand that.

WOODWARD
Of course I can.

DAHLBERG ((v.o.)
So I had it exchanged for the cashier's check.

WOODWARD
And it got into Barker's account how, do you think?

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
I know I shouldn't be telling you this...

Woodward's mouth is going, "tell me, tell me" -- the silence drags on and on until suddenly:

DAHLBERG (v.o.)
(continuing)
I gave it to Stans.

WOODWARD
Maurice Stans? The head of finance for Nixon?

DAHLBERG (vo.)
Yes. In Washington. What he did with it... I really do not know. That is all I have to say.

WOODWARD
I see. Well, thank you very much, Mr. Dahlberg.

CUT TO:

Revised 6/15/75

187 INT. NEWSROOM - CLOSEUP - WOODWARD - NIGHT 187

The stakes have just taken a quantum jump. Stunning...

CUT TO:

188 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD - NIGHT 188

picking up phone. It's Bernstein (in Miami).

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
Woodward. Hey, I think I've got a lead on Dahlberg...

WOODWARD
I've got him. I just spoke to him.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
What?

WOODWARD
He just hung up. It goes all the way to Stans. He gave the check to Stans for the Committee to Re-elect.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
Did he say that?

WOODWARD
Yes. I've got it down on record.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
And that money winds up in the bank account of a Watergate burglar.

WOODWARD
Right.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
So Creep financed the break-in.

WOODWARD *
Page one, Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.) *
Just spell my name right, Woodward.

189-190 INT. SIMONS' OFFICE - NIGHT 189-190

Simons is reading an article with Woodward's name on the byline. Woodward and Rosenfeld stand nearby.

ROSENFELD *
Jesus Christ. We've never had a story like this.

189-190 CONTINUED: 189-190

Rosenfeld takes the article from Simons and suddenly Woodward grabs it, scrawls Bernstein's name in front of his on the byline.

191 INT. HUGHES OFFICE - DAY 191

Office of Philip So. Hughes, Director of the Federal Election Division of the GENERAL ACCOUNTING OFFICE.

The office large and comfortable. Woodward and Bernstein sit across from Hughes at his desk. On his desk is the Washington Post: It is quite a front page for across the top is plastered: EAGLETON QUITS TICKET. Below is their story of the Dahlberg check.

HUGHES
Your story revealed for the first time that the bugging incident was related to the campaign finance law. There's nothing in Stans' report showing anything like that Dahlberg check. We're going to conduct a full audit and find out what's up. Do you have any additional information on that check?

WOODWARD
We wrote everything we knew about it.

HUGHES
If you find out anything more you might let us know. You know this will be the first audit we've undertaken under the new Federal Campaign Expenditures Act.

They shake hands. Woodward and Bernstein exit.

191A INT. ELEVATOR - GENERAL ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY 191A

Woodward and Bernstein walk in, look at each other aware of what they've accomplished together.

192 INT. POST - THE BUDGET MEETING - DAY - AUGUST 3 192

SIMONS
-- okay, last go-round. Foreign, anything else?

The FOREIGN EDITOR, an enormously thoughtful-looking and respected man, indicates "no".

SIMONS
(to another EDITOR)
National?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 192

NATIONAL EDITOR
I'll stand with the Eagelton follow-ups and McGovern not being able to get a replacement -- that's a page one lead right there, Howard --

SIMONS
-- Metropolitan?

ROSENFELD
-- you are ignoring the importance of the Dahlberg repercussions --

NATIONAL EDITOR
Nobody cares about the Dahlberg repercussions --

ROSENFELD
(to National Editor, Simons and Bradlee)
-- our story got general accounting office to start an audit on CREEP's finances --

BRADLEE
-- and we printed that, did we? And when the frigging audit's done, we'll print that, too --

NATIONAL EDITOR
-- let me tell you what happened today. I was having lunch at the Sans Souci -- and... this White House guy, a good one, a pro, came up and asked what is this Watergate compulsion with you guys and I said, well, we think it's important and he said, if it's so goddamn important, who the hell are Woodward and Bernstein.

ROSENFELD
Ask him what he's really saying -- he means take the story away from Woodstein and give it to his people at the National Desk --

NATIONAL EDITOR
Well, at least I've got some experienced guys sitting around... who know the polls...

ROSENFELD
-- and that's all they do, sit.

FOREIGN EDITOR
I think it's a very dangerous story for this paper.

Bradlee and Simons look at him.

NATIONAL EDITOR
(capitalizing on this)
What if your boys get it wrong --

BRADLEE
(after a beat)
Then it's our asses, isn't it?

SIMONS
(indicates the meeting is over)
And we'll all have to go to work for a living.

193 ANGLE 193

As the men rise and head for the door, the Foreign Editor moves toward Bradlee and Simons who remain seated as before.

BRADLEE
What is it...?

FOREIGN EDITOR
It's not just that we're using unnamed sources that bothers me, or that everything we print the White House denies, or that almost no other papers are reprinting our stuff.

SIMONS
What then?

FOREIGN EDITOR
Ben, Jesus, there are over two thousand reporters in this town, are there five on Watergate? Where did the Washington Post suddenly get the monopoly on wisdom?

Bradlee and Simons say nothing.

193 CONTINUED: 193

FOREIGN EDITOR
(continuing)
-- Why would the Republicans do it? McGovern is self-destructing just like Muskie, Humphrey -- the bunch of 'em. I don't believe the story. It just doesn't make sense.

194 thru 196 OMITTED 194 thru 196

197 BRADLEE - DAY 197

behind his desk. Feet up. Woodward and Bernstein and Simons are there.

BRADLEE
Where is the goddamned story? Enlighten me, what do we know?

WOODWARD
The GAO report's due out the morning of the Nixon re-nomination.

BRADLEE
So?...

WOODWARD
... They're only responsible to Congress. There's no way the White House can control the investigators...

BERNSTEIN
A source there says there's a whole rat's nest of illegal shit...

BRADLEE
Like what?

BERNSTEIN
A slush fund of hundreds of thousands of dollars of unaccounted-for cash.

BRADLEE
Anything from Creep?

WOODWARD
Only unavailable for comment... unavailable for comment...

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: 197

BERNSTEIN
They don't like us a lot.

BRADLEE
What else besides the money?

WOODWARD
The money's the key to whatever this is --

BRADLEE
-- Says?...

SIMONS
Deep Throat.

BRADLEE
Who?

SIMONS
Woodward's garage freak, the one on deep background.

BRADLEE
Garage freaks? Jesus -- what kind of a crazy fucking story is this?... (to Simons)
Who did you say?...

SIMONS
Deep Throat. I named him.

BRADLEE
Everyone says, get off it, Ben. And I come on very sage and tell them 'You'll see. Wait till it all bottoms out', but the truth is I can't figure what we've got (to Woodward and Bernstein)
-- what are you working on now?...

198 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE 198

BERNSTEIN
We're after a list of Creep employees.

WOODWARD
-- But it's classified -- we haven't had any luck yet.

BRADLEE
Well get some.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

He sits back down in his chair glumly, puts his feet up on his desk, lapses into silence. Meeting clearly adjourned. Now --

198A OMITTED

199 INT. ELEVATOR - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN 199 *

Silent. Bernstein smoking. Then suddenly:

WOODWARD
.....LUCK! WHO DO YOU DIAL FOR LUCK!!

Bernstein is silent. Watches Woodward. Another pause.

WOODWARD (continued)
(turns on Bernstein)
Do you HAVE to smoke in the god damn elevator?

Then silence. Then Bernstein looks at Woodward out of the corner of his eye. He's kind of pleased and curious about him.

199A SHOT ELEVATOR OPENING 199A *

They get out. Others start in. They pass a YOUNG GIRL, WENDY SEIGEL, moving toward elevator.

WENDY
(as she passes)
Hi, what's up today?

She continues on, towards elevator. Bernstein and Woodward, with a perfunctory "Wendy, Hi, Wendy," continue on. At the door, Woodward stops. Turns and looks back toward elevator.

WOODWARD
Uh huh.

He starts for Wendy at the elevator. Bernstein runs after him. They both get in the elevator with Wendy and some others.

199B INT. ELEVATOR 199B *

Mostly silent, Bernstein's cigarette smoke billowing up. Woodward looks at Wendy who looks at him, smiles. Suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

199B CONTINUED: 199B *

WENDY
Forget something?

WOODWARD
Almost.

199C SHOT ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING 199C

Woodward, Bernstein and Wendy get out. Woodward moves to Wendy, Bernstein just close enough to hear.

WOODWARD
Could I talk to you a minute?

WENDY
Sure. Something you need?

WOODWARD
Remember last May we went to the ball game?

WENDY
Uh huh. Good game.

WOODWARD
And we saw a fella there. Some guy you didn't want to look at. Remember? He was trying to get your attention?

She doesn't reply. Waits.

WOODWARD
(continuing)
You said he worked for Creep.

WENDY
I don't remember.

WOODWARD
We need a list of the people who worked there.

WENDY
I can't do it. It gets too personal.

BERNSTEIN
If you could.

(CONTINUED)

199C CONTINUED: 199C *

WENDY
It ended badly. I'd rather not see him.

BERNSTEIN
It's important.

WENDY
And I wouldn't want to hurt him, not for anything.

WOODWARD
He can't get hurt, I promise.

BERNSTEIN
(moves in)
Wendy, are we on the same side?

WENDY
I'm sorry, I can't do it.

BERNSTEIN
How long have we been friends, Wendy.

WENDY
(sharp)
I've been here three years, Carl, you've never even known I was alive until this very minute.

BERNSTEIN *
Wendy...

WOODWARD
It's okay, Wendy, forget it, we don't want to embarrass you.

WENDY
(moving away)
I'm sorry.

Bernstein is angry. He looks at Woodward.

BERNSTEIN
You're crazy. You're <u>crazy</u>!

200 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY (DIFFERENT DAY) - AUGUST 6TH 200

Woodward is carrying a cup of coffee and is heading toward his desk.

CUT TO:

201 WENDY SIEGEL 201

watching him.

CUT TO:

202 WOODWARD 202

He sees her, nods. She looks back at him, but there's an unusual expression on her face.

202A Woodward goes to his desk, glances back at Wendy. She's still watching him as before. He doesn't get it. Now she nods back to him, turns and goes and -- 202A

CUT TO:

203 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY 203

Woodward sits, and there stuck in his typewriter is an envelope. He grabs for it, rips it open and we --

CUT TO:

203A CLOSEUP - THE CREEP LIST 203A

A legal-sized sheet of paper with over a hundred names and by each is a number and -- the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the list. It doesn't stop.

WOODWARD (v.o.)
Okay, the numbers have got to be office numbers.

BERNSTEIN
Sure, but it's alphabetical -- can't figure out who works for who --

WOODWARD
-- it'll take time -- look -- here's Alice Towne -- she's probably a secretary -- we take her number -- find an executive with a close number, he's either her boss or in her section --

(CONTINUED)

203A CONTINUED: 203A

And they excitedly talk, go over the names, discussing how to break down the list into something useable.

204 thru 208 SERIES OF SHOTS: ALL OF THESE SCENES PLAYED AS ONE SCENE. THEIR CONTINUING DISCUSSION CONVEYS THEIR EXCITEMENT AND OBSESSION WITH THE CREEP LIST WHICH PROVIDE A BREAK-THROUGH ON THE STORY. 204 thru 208

EXT. POST - NIGHT

Woodward and Bernstein leaving.

EXT. POST NEAR GARAGE - NIGHT

Woodward and Bernstein driving out of the garage.

INT. LOBBY OF WOODWARD'S BUILDING - NIGHT

They walk into the lobby of the building.

INT. ELEVATOR OF WOODWARD'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Ugly Muzak PLAYS over their discussion interfering with Woodward's train of thought.

209 INT. WOODWARD'S FLOOR - ELEVATOR - NIGHT 209

As the elevator opens on Woodward's floor, Woodward reaches up and smashes the speaker. He continues going over the CREEP list with Bernstein. Bernstein studies Woodward going over the list. This is not quite the Woodward he thought he knew.

210 INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 210

A bulletin board has been set up filled with their notes on the CREEP personnel list. It shows the reporters have been going over the list like a devotional.

BERNSTEIN
(reading)
Malick, Joanna.

WOODWARD
(going through a phone book)
Here she is: 1808 Connecticut Ave.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: 210

BERNSTEIN
(writes it down; reads)
Monahan, Jane.

WOODWARD
(into phone book)
Monahan, Jane, Jane --
(got it)
4605 Branch Road.

BERNSTEIN
Branch Road?

Woodward looks up.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
I knew her --

CUT TO:

211 A JAMMED LUNCHEONETTE - DAY 211

Some people are eating at tables, others wait in line for takeout orders. Bernstein and a GIRL HIS AGE find a spot, sit. She is smiling alot, nodding to people. She wears a red button. The CREEP employee identification.

BERNSTEIN
Why'd you insist on eating here, Jane? I know a dozen places we wouldn't be seen.

JANE
Lots of Committee people eat here. It's open and no one could think I was hiding anything...

Bernstein gives her a questioning look and checks room.

JANE
(continuing)
-- you don't know. The Committee keeps track of everything.

BERNSTEIN
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED: 211

JANE
One girlfriend of mine went back to the D.A. because the FBI hadn't asked her the right questions. That night, the Committee knew. I used to believe in the FBI -- not anymore.

Bernstein looks at her.

BERNSTEIN
Take it easy.

She still smiles a lot, nods to people. But she's scared.

JANE
I was working the weekend of the break-in and you practically had to take a number to get to use a shredding machine -- and when the FBI came to investigate, they never even asked me about it.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. CREEP OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 212
(HIDDEN CAMERA FROM CREEP OFFICE)

The two of them walking back to CREEP. We see the White House in the background.

Lots of people with red buttons in the area.

JANE
You'll never get the truth, Carl. It'll never come out.

BERNSTEIN
How can they stop it?

JANE
They already know that when the Watergate indictments come down, it's going to stop at the five burglars plus Hunt and Liddy. Liddy's going to take the fall. That's the plan -- to have it stop with him.

BERNSTEIN
You think it'll work?

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED: 212

JANE
(looks at him)
-- whatever the Committee wants to have happen --
(beat)
-- happens...

Now she turns, hurries inside the building without turning back.

213 BERNSTEIN 213

watching her disappear into the building that houses CREEP.

Behind Bernstein are the Executive Office Building and the White House.

214 EXT. TINY WELL-KEPT COTTAGE-LIKE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS - NIGHT 214

A sharp contrast in scale to the CREEP office building. the Executive Office Building and the White House.

A LADY opens the door.

WOODWARD
Miss Abbott?

MISS ABBOTT
Yes.

WOODWARD
We're from the Washington Post and we wanted to ask you some questions about the Committee.

MISS ABBOTT
Please go away. Please leave before they see you.

BERNSTEIN
We're not going to ask anything that --

MISS ABBOTT
Please leave me alone. I know you're trying to do your job but you don't know the pressure we're under. I hope you understand I'm not being rude. Please go.

And she shuts the door.

CUT TO:

215 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - NIGHT 215

walking down corridor in high rise apartment house.

216 INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT 216

The door is opened by a YOUNG WOMAN who doesn't seem long out of college -- not that many years from being the cheerleader she once had been.

YOUNG WOMAN
I want to help.
(she bursts into tears)
God, it's all so awful.

She shuts the door.

217 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN IN CAR - NIGHT 217

Woodward is driving and Bernstein is going over notes. From the notes it's obvious they've had more rejections than we've seen.

CUT TO:

218 EXT. BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 218

Woodward's car drives up. Bernstein gets out. Neither one says anything to the other. There just doesn't seem to be anything to say.

219 INT. BERNSTEIN'S HALL - ELEVATOR DOOR OPENING - NIGHT 219

Bernstein steps out, goes to his apartment, starts to unlock the door. Inside, a phone is RINGING. He hears it, works more quickly on the door. The phone continues to RING. He gets the door open. The phone RINGS and RINGS and:

220 INT. BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 220

Bernstein running across his room toward the telephone and as he picks it up:

JANE (v.o.)
(crying)
... I'm in a phone booth... when I got back from lunch, I got called into somebody's office...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: 220

JANE (v.o.)(cont'd)
... they wanted to know what I had said... they wanted to know everything. They questioned me and wouldn't stop...

BERNSTEIN
-- let me come over -- I can help.

JANE (v.o.)
I told you they were following me -- Please don't call me again or come to see me.
(she hangs up)

CUT TO:

221 WOODWARD'S CAR - ANOTHER EVENING (DUSK) 221

They pull up to another house. Bernstein looks down. The address on the mailbox corresponds to the one on the list. They both sit in the car as if dreading another rejection.

BERNSTEIN
(shaking his head)
My first day as a copy boy I was sixteen and wearing my only grown-up suit -- it was cream colored. At two-thirty the head copy boy comes running up to me and says, 'My God, haven't you washed the carbon paper yet? If it's not washed by three, it'll never be dry for tomorrow.'

And I said, 'Am I supposed to do that?' and he said, 'Absolutely, it's crucial.' So I run around and grab all the carbon paper from all the desks and take it to the men's room. I'm standing there washing it and it's splashing all over me and the editor comes in to take a leak, and he says, 'What the fuck do you think you're doing?' And I said, 'It's two-thirty. I'm washing the carbon paper.'

Bernstein looks at Woodward. They both get out of the car. Bernstein is looking at the house.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED: 221

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
I'm beginning to feel like I never stopped.

They walk toward the house.

CUT TO:

222 DOORWAY OF A DIFFERENT HOUSE - DUSK 222

A middle-aged WOMAN -- kind of an honest, hard-working face.

223 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DUSK 223

are standing in her doorway.

WOODWARD
A friend at the Committee told us to contact you --

WOMAN
Who was it?

BERNSTEIN
I'm sorry, we can't reveal that. We never reveal sources.

WOODWARD
You can talk to us.

She doesn't talk at first, but she doesn't slam the door either.

BERNSTEIN
We understand your problem --

WOODWARD
-- you believe in the President, you wouldn't ever want to do anything disloyal.

BERNSTEIN
We appreciate your position -- really.

And now she starts, at last, to talk, and they expect it to be their breakthrough.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED: 223

WOMAN
You people -- you think that you can come into my home, ask a few questions and have me destroy the reputations of men I work for and respect.
(to Bernstein)
Do you appreciate loyalty?
(to Woodward)
Do you understand loyalty? Have you ever heard of loyalty?
(voice rising)
Just get out of here...

Woodward quietly.

WOODWARD
Next.

CUT TO:

224 OMITTED 224

225 INT. CAR - DUSK 225

The CREEP list in Bernstein's lap.

Their collection of rejections has grown.

226 EXT. CAR - DUSK 226

As the car drives off, the CAMERA GRADUALLY STARTS TO RISE IN A HELICOPTER SHOT -- first revealing the block -- then the area they've worked and the CAMERA GOES HIGHER until we reveal the entire city of Washington, the Maryland suburbs, the Virginia suburbs, the whole Tri-State area they must cover in their pursuit of the employees for the Committee to Re-Elect the President.

OVER this shot we HEAR the closeup voices of Woodward and Bernstein variously cajoling, seducing, threatening in their attempts to get information and the responses of the various CREEP employees, some in turn threatening, some terrified, some exposing tantalizing bits of information that lead them on without giving them enough to print.

By the time the shot has reached its highest point and in God-like fashion we are looking down at the whole area of the nation's capitol and its bedroom communities, dusk has turned to night.

CUT TO:

227 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY 227

The CREEP list is on Woodward's desk. The endless notes scribbled page after page indicates how long and tedious their pursuit has been. Rosenfeld stands over a tired and weary Woodward and Bernstein.

ROSENFELD
Two weeks and what have you got? What have you got? If you really want news the GAO report on which you placed so much hope has been postponed. It's been held up until after tonight's renomination. They got a call from Mr. Stans in Florida saying he had new information and not to publish without it.

WOODWARD
They're just trying to bury the report until after the renomination. Can't they see?

ROSENFELD
The Grand Jury indictment will be out soon and every indication says the indictment will stop with the five burglars, Hunt and and Liddy.

BERNSTEIN
Whatever the Committee wants to have happen... happens.

228 THE NEWSROOM OF THE POST - (RENOMINATION NIGHT, AUGUST 22ND) 228

Woodward and Bernstein are writing the story of the delay of the GAO report. They are dejected, and what's going on around them doesn't add to their merriment.

Because it's Renomination night, all the TV sets in the room are BLARING and the hysteria coming from the tube is not to be believed. As they continue to work -- MOVE IN to:

229 INT. NEWSROOM - THE TV - NIGHT 229

The noise is thunderous, the demonstrations wild. And now a chant becomes overpowering.

FOUR MORE YEARS
FOUR MORE YEARS
FOUR MORE YEARS
FOUR MORE YEARS.

230 A MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN HIS DOORWAY - NIGHT 230

looking at the reporters.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I know who you are, but that doesn't mean I'm afraid of you. They warned us down at the Committee about you two. You're just a couple Democrats trying to stop Nixon getting re-elected.

WOODWARD
Democrats?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
You heard me.

WOODWARD
I'm Republican.

Bernstein nods, not surprised, but the Middle-Aged Man is clearly taken aback. And now --

CUT TO:

231 INSIDE THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S HOUSE 231

It's small, he's opening the icebox door while the reporters stand a little ways off in the living room.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I don't know anything, and I have nothing to be ashamed of you, so I don't see how a beer can hurt, do you?

BERNSTEIN
(to the Middle-Aged Man)
No, sir.
(to Woodward, whispered)
That was pretty good.

WOODWARD
Hmm?

BERNSTEIN
The Republican thing.

WOODWARD
It wasn't a lie.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED: 231

BERNSTEIN
(and now he is surprised)
You voted for Nixon in '68...?

As Woodward nods:

232 thru 243 OMITTED 232 thru 243

244 EXT. BOOKKEEPER'S HOUSE - A DIFFERENT TIME, A DIFFERENT PLACE - EARLY EVENING - THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH 244

Bernstein gets out of his car, walks up and knocks on the door of a small tract house in the D.C. suburbs. A WOMAN opens the door.

BERNSTEIN
Hi, I'm Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post and --

WOMAN
-- Oh, you don't want me, you want my sister.
(calls out)
For you.

And we --

CUT TO:

245 INT. BOOKKEEPER'S HOUSE - THE BOOKKEEPER - NIGHT - THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH 245

approaching the door. She's younger than the cliche version of a bookkeeper. As she looks at her sister --

WOMAN (SISTER)
This here is Carl Bernstein --

BOOKKEEPER
-- Omigod, you're from that place, you've got to go.

The sister is smoking and there is a pack of cigarettes on the dinette table.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Could I bum one of your cigarettes?

As the sister starts for the pack:

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
Don't bother. I'll get it.

And he crosses ten feet inside the front door.

BOOKKEEPER
You've really got to go.

BERNSTEIN
Just let me get a match.

He goes into the living room area, picks up a book of matches. Bernstein lights the cigarette.

BERNSTEIN
You were Hugh Sloan's bookkeeper when he worked for Maurice Stans at Finance, and we were sort of wondering, did you go to work for Stans immediately after Sloan quit or was there a time lapse?

BOOKKEEPER
I never worked for Sloan or Stans.

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(out of the blue; to Bernstein)
Would you like some coffee or anything?

As the Bookkeeper winces:

BERNSTEIN
(like a shot)
Please, yes, thank you.
(looks at the Bookkeeper)
Can I sit down for a minute?

He is by a couch.

BOOKKEEPER
One minute but then --

BERNSTEIN
-- right, right, I've got to go.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
(he sits)
Why did you lie just then?

The Bookkeeper kneads her hands together silently. Bernstein watches.

BERNSTEIN
I was just curious -- you don't do it well, so I wondered. Have you been threatened, if you told the truth, is that it?

BOOKKEEPER
... no... never in so many words...

BERNSTEIN
(gently)
It's obvious you want to talk to someone...

He takes out his notebook.

CUT TO:

246 THE BOOKKEEPER - NIGHT 246

And she does want to talk. But the notebook scares her terribly and she can only stare at it.

BERNSTEIN
I'm not even going to put your name down. It's just so I can keep things straight.
(beat)
Start with the money, why don't you?

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(returning with coffee)
How do you like it?

BERNSTEIN
Everything, please.

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(going again)
I won't be a minute.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
(to the Bookkeeper, quietly)
The General Accounting report said there was a three hundred and fifty thousand cash slush fund in the Creep safe. Did you know about that from the beginning?

BOOKKEEPER
(about to fold)
There are too many people watching me -- they know I know a lot --

BERNSTEIN
It was all in hundreds, wasn't it?

BOOKKEEPER
A lot of it was. I just thought it was sort of an all-purpose political fund -- you know, for taking fat cats to dinner, things like that.

BERNSTEIN
Could buy a lot of steaks, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

BOOKKEEPER
(her words are coming faster)
I can't be positive that it was used for the break-in but people sure are worried.

BERNSTEIN
Which people?

BOOKKEEPER
The ones who could disburse the money.

BERNSTEIN
Who were they?

BOOKKEEPER
There were a group of them -- I think five; I don't know their names.

BERNSTEIN
Sloan knew which five, didn't he?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKKEEPER'S SISTER
(back with cream and sugar)
Here we are.

BOOKKEEPER
I don't want to say any more.

BERNSTEIN
(indicating coffee)
It's awfully hot --
(smiles)
-- and you haven't finished telling me about the money.

BOOKKEEPER
-- Omigod, there was so much of it, six million came in in one two-day period -- six million cash, we couldn't find enough places to put it. I thought it was all legal, I guess I did, 'til after the break-in, when I remembered Gordon got so much of it.

BERNSTEIN
Gordon Liddy.

BOOKKEEPER
... it's all so rotten... and it's getting worse... and all I care about is Hugh Sloan. His wife was going to leave him if he didn't stand up and do what was right. And he quit. He quit because he saw it and didn't want any part of it.

BERNSTEIN
Think Sloan's being set up as a fall guy for John Mitchell? Sometimes it looks that way.

There is a pause. Then --

BOOKKEEPER
If you guys -- if you guys could just get John Mitchell... that would be beautiful...

CUT TO:

247 CONTINUED: 247 *

BERNSTEIN
(laughing)
That's right, that's absolutely right.

WOODWARD
Let's not worry about CBS, they're probably afraid they'll get their TV franchise taken away if they start foolin' with this thing. Give me more notes, Carl, gimme, gimme.

BERNSTEIN
I got L P and M.

WOODWARD
What?

BERNSTEIN
(laughing)
L P and M, she starts to give me initials. L. P. and M. are people who get the money. Mitchell and his people disburse it and I don't know how many people get it. All she'd give me was initials.

WOODWARD
Jeesus! Why didn't you get the names!

BERNSTEIN
Come on, Woodward, I did everything I could. How do you think I felt? There I am sitting with her and she lays M, P, and L on me, and I'm sayin' 'Come on! Don't do that to me.'
(he finds more notes)
She hates John Mitchell, too. She says if you people could only get John Mitchell, and she loves Sloan, his wife's pregnant, and Stans, she's loyal to Stans and Sloan; Sloan's the Creep treasurer. I mean I'm sittin' there askin' her questions like where'd you go to high school, I went to Central, I'm strokin' her y'know, and I'm thinkin' how does Woodward get information without stroking anybody?

(CONTINUED)

247 INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 247 *

Woodward at the typewriter. Carl, smoking, getting notes together, junk paper from all parts of his clothes. He is moving around. Both of them are very high.

BERNSTEIN
I couldn't believe what she's telling me, it's just pourin' out of her, and I can't keep up with her and I'm drinkin' all this fuckin' coffee tryin' to keep them from kickin' me out of the house! And I tell you, man, she moved me, she really moved me.

WOODWARD
Okay, give it to me, let's get it down!

BERNSTEIN
(empties pockets)
I got notes on everything, napkins, matchboxes, look at this crap, I'm litterin' my pockets.

He laughs and Woodward starts to laugh.

WOODWARD
You're crazy, you know how crazy you are? Give me the goddamn notes.

BERNSTEIN
If you drank that much coffee you'd be crazy, too. We've gotta find five guys, five of John Mitchell's top men. They're disbursing the money. They have access to the slush fund, they're the key to what hundreds of thousands of dollars went for, I tell ya I'm wondering how high this thing goes, and she was so paranoid, she was waitin' for them to come in through the windows, I was hearin' noises myself. I'm thinkin' CBS and NBC are gonna come through the window with their cameras and take our story away from us.

WOODWARD
You're both paranoid, only she's afraid of John Mitchell and you're afraid of Walter Cronkite.

Revised 6/15/75
247 CONTINUED: 247 *

WOODWARD
(shouts
M, P, and L!

BERNSTEIN
Don't scream at me, I had 18 cups of coffee. L has to be Liddy.

WOODWARD
It's either Liddy or LaRue, and it has to be Liddy.

BERNSTEIN
I remember P. Jim Mann told me once that a Bert Porter worked for Creep and was called before the Grand Jury so it has to be Porter.

WOODWARD
M is McCord, Mardian or Magruder.

BERNSTEIN
I think it's Magruder.

WOODWARD
Correct! Yes! I think it's Magruder. Except we've gotta get her to <u>say</u> it's Magruder.

BERNSTEIN
She'll only say M.

WOODWARD
Then we have to go back and get her to say Magruder. Tomorrow!!

BERNSTEIN
The Grand Jury's verdict's coming in tomorrow and they're gonna say it's Hunt and Liddy and five burglars and that's where they want it to stop, right there.

WOODWARD
Okay! Creep's paying them off! Who at Creep is paying them off?! Jeesus! We've all but <u>got</u> it!

BERNSTEIN
It's a fuckin' coverup and it's right under our noses!

WOODWARD
Carl, we've gotta go back to that bookkeeper. We've got to get names!

248 OMITTED 248

249 OMITTED 249

250 INT./EXT. THE BOOKKEEPER'S HOUSE - THE BOOKKEEPER - DAY 250

Her door half open. The reporters, Woodward and Bernstein, are camped on her doorstep. *

BOOKKEEPER
They'll see you --

WOODWARD
-- not if you let us in --

BOOKKEEPER
-- even if I do they'll see your car --

BERNSTEIN
- we parked a long way off...

BOOKKEEPER
You've just got answers for everything, don't you?

WOODWARD
If we did, we wouldn't be here.

And as they slip inside --

CUT TO:

251 THE LIVING ROOM - DAY 251

The Sunday, September 17 paper is visible and there is a big article, the headline of which we can see.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED: 251

BOOKKEEPER
(upset)
You wrote what I told you --

BERNSTEIN
-- but not your name - no one knows it was you - now who got the money and how much? - you know.

BOOKKEEPER
Some of it, I do.

BERNSTEIN
Was M McCord or Magruder?

WOODWARD
(turning on Bernstein im-patiently)
Don't waste time on that kind of stuff - we know it was Magruder.

CUT TO:

252 THE BOOKKEEPER - DAY 252

She looks at Woodward kind of surprised. A pensive look comes over her.

BOOKKEEPER
Yes. You're right.
(beat)
I'm just trying to think; who in the world could have told you...?
(from her face -)

CUT TO:

253 INT. ROSENFELD'S OFFICE - ROSENFELD - DAY 253

with the reporters. We are at a moment of some heat -

ROSENFELD
I'm sorry, we're just not going to print it -

BERNSTEIN
- Harry, this is better than the first story - we got names -

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: 253

ROSENFELD
- that's why we can't print it - you're going into criminal charges on that kind of thing and you've only got one source. Get another source ...like yesterday....

CUT TO:

254 WOODWARD - DAY 254

opens his New York Times. Page 20 is circled as a clock with the hands at 2:00 AM. This is the signal that's been arranged if Deep Throat wants to see Woodward.

255 EXT./INT. GARAGE - LATE NIGHT 255

Woodward alone. Hurrying down the ramp. He gets to the right spot. Woodward looks around the garage. He even looks for a sign of cigarette smoke.

He is alone.

256 OMITTED 256

257 INT. THE GARAGE - NIGHT 257

Woodward looks at his watch. It is two hours later. He crosses to the mouth of the garage and looks down the street. It seems to be empty but somehow he's not sure.

258 HIGH SHOT 258

looking down on Woodward's back as he walks out of the darkness onto the empty street.

259 thru 261 CLOSER ANGLE 259 thru 261

on Woodward's back as he walks. CAMERA DOLLIES at the speed of his walk as if he's being followed. He obviously has a sense of being followed.

He starts to run. The CAMERA PICKS UP SPEED and duplicates his pace. Suddenly he stops, but the CAMERA KEEPS MOVING toward him like a person who couldn't stop in time.

259 thru 261 CONTINUED:

It is right upon him as he swirls around toward it to face his unknown follower.

262 WOODWARD - NIGHT

His face fills the screen.

263 WIDE ANGLE - EMPTY STREET - WOODWARD'S POV - NIGHT

No one is there. He starts to walk quietly, his only wish to get out of there.

264 & 265 A BRIDGE - DAYBREAK

Woodward is walking into the city.

266 OMITTED

266A OMITTED

267 INT./EXT. SLOAN HOUSE - DAY - MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 267

MRS. SLOAN
Yes.

WOODWARD
Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward to see Mr. Sloan.

MRS. SLOAN
He's trying to get some rest.
(she studies him)
You're the two from the Post, aren't you?

WOODWARD *
Are you Mrs. Sloan?

MRS. SLOAN
This is an honest house.

WOODWARD
That's why we want to see your husband.

BERNSTEIN
If he sees us, he'll get his side of the story told.

WOODWARD *
He could end up being a criminal if the truth doesn't come out. It's for his benefit, Mrs. Sloan.

MRS. SLOAN
No, it isn't.

WOODWARD
No, it isn't.

268 MRS. SLOAN 268

MRS. SLOAN
All right, come in, I'll tell him you're here.

CUT TO:

269 INT. SLOAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 269

Woodward and Bernstein enter.

MRS. SLOAN
Do you realize how much power you have?

WOODWARD
Not that much.

270 CLOSEUP - MRS. SLOAN - DAY 270

MRS. SLOAN
(quietly)
You can destroy lives.

271 QUICK CUTS OF DETAIL - DAY 271
thru
273 The reporters waiting embarrassed in the living room, glancing around. There is a Christmas card from the White House, family pictures and traditional furniture. thru 273

BERNSTEIN
It's like older people live here.

274 274
thru OMITTED thru
276 276

277 HUGH SLOAN 277

in the living room doorway. DEBBIE, his wife, stands for a moment, behind him.

SLOAN
I haven't talked to the press.

BERNSTEIN
We know why you left the Committee and we know you're not guilty of anything.

WOODWARD
Maybe there's a legitimate explanation why the money was handed over to Liddy and Mitchell's aids...

Sloan nods to his wife, who quietly goes.

CUT TO

278 A COFFEE CUP - DAY 278

and a spoon stirring it. Endlessly. PULL BACK to reveal Sloan, staring at the spoon, watching it go around and around. Woodward and Bernstein sit watching.

279 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 279

wait as Sloan is clearly going through a struggle with himself. Then --

SLOAN
Try and understand this. I'm a decent Republican.
(MORE)

279 CONTINUED: 279

SLOAN
Try and understand this. I'm a Republican.

WOODWARD
I am, too.

Bernstein gives him a look.

SLOAN
A decent one.
I believe in Richard Nixon. I worked in the White House for four years -- so did my wife. What happened on June 17 I don't think the President knew anything about. Some of his men I'm not so sure of.

BERNSTEIN
Do you think the truth will come out at the trial?

SLOAN
That's another of the things I'm not so sure of.

WOODWARD
Why?

BERNSTEIN
Because people at the Committee were told to lie to the prosecutors?

SLOAN
We were never told flat out, "Don't talk."

WOODWARD
But the message was clear.

BERNSTEIN
To cover up?

SLOAN
Well, they sure didn't ask us to come forward and tell the truth.

WOODWARD
Does "they" mean the White House?

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED: 279

SLOAN
The committee's not an independent operation. Everything is cleared with White House. I don't think the F.B.I. or the prosecutors understand that.

WOODWARD
The report on the cash in the Creep safe. The three hundred fifty thousand.

SLOAN
It was closer to one million.

(CONTINUED)

280 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 280

WOODWARD
And as treasurer, you could release those funds?

SLOAN
(nods)
When so ordered.

WOODWARD
We're not sure we've got all the guys who could order you, but we know there were five.

Sloan is silent.

BERNSTEIN
(ticking them off)
Mitchell, Stans, Magruder, they're obvious.

Sloan stirs his coffee.

WOODWARD
-- There had to be a White House overseer --

BERNSTEIN
-- Colson.

SLOAN
Colson's too smart to get directly involved with something like that.

BERNSTEIN
Haldeman.
(to Sloan)
Right?

SLOAN
I won't talk about the other two.

WOODWARD
They both worked at the White House?

SLOAN
One of them. The other's not in Washington... But that's all I'll say... *

BERNSTEIN
Kalmbach -- Nixon's personal lawyer.

SLOAN
I can't say anything, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED: 280

Sloan starts to rise.

WOODWARD
One thing I'm not completely clear on -- when you gave out the money, how did that work?

SLOAN
Badly.

BERNSTEIN
Ordinarily, though, what was the procedure?

SLOAN
Routine -- I'd just call John Mitchell over at the Justice Department and he'd say "go ahead, give out the money."

CUT TO:

281 THE THREE OF THEM - DAY 281

heading across the foyer.

WOODWARD
When's your baby due? *

SLOAN
December. *

WOODWARD
Do you plan to stay here? *

SLOAN
No. *

WOODWARD
Where will you go? *

SLOAN
I've been looking for a job but... it's hard. My name's been in the papers too much.

Woodward and Bernstein looking uncomfortable as Sloan goes on.

SLOAN
(continuing)
I wish I could put down on paper what it's like -- you come to Washington because you believe in something, and then you get inside and you see how things work and you watch your ideals disintegrate... the people inside... the White House...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED: 281

SLOAN (cont'd)
They start to believe they can suspend the rules... because... they're fulfilling a mission. That becomes the only important thing. The mission.

WOODWARD
It's easy to lose perspective, isn't it?

SLOAN
You can't imagine how easy.

282 & 283 OMITTED 282 & 283

284 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - DAY - SEPTEMBER 28 284

Simons and Rosenfeld and Bradlee are there with Woodward and Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN
-- five men controlled that slush fund at CREEP -- three of them we've got: Mitchell, Stans, Magruder, and we're pretty sure of Kalmbach.

BRADLEE
You're certain on Mitchell?

WOODWARD
He approved the payments to Liddy -- we know that -- while he was still Attorney General --

ROSENFELD
- you got more than one source?

BERNSTEIN
- yes -

SIMONS
- has any of them got an ax? -

ROSENFELD
- political, personal, sexual, anything at all against Mitchell?

WOODWARD
- no -

SIMONS
- can we use their names? -

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
- no --

BRADLEE
- goddamnit, when's somebody gonna go on the record on this story -

SIMONS
-- who you got? --

WOODWARD
-- Sloan --

BERNSTEIN
-- and we got a guy in Justice --

BRADLEE
-- Deep Throat? --

WOODWARD
He verifies.

BRADLEE
You're about to write a story that says that the former Attorney General -- the man who represented law in America -- is a crook. Just be right, huh?

As Woodward and Bernstein leave the office --

BRADLEE
Leave plenty of room for his denial.

CUT TO:

285 INT. NEWSROOM - BERNSTEIN - NIGHT - SEPTEMBER 28 - 11:30 P.M. 285

at his desk on the phone. He has some papers in front of him and a notepad and pencil in his free hand. In what follows, Bernstein takes notes.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (v.o.)
Essex House, can I help you?

BERNSTEIN
John Mitchell, please.

There is a BUZZING SOUND. Then....

(CONTINUED)

JOHN MITCHELL'S VOICE (v.o.)
Yes?

BERNSTEIN
Sir, this is Carl Bernstein of the Washington Post, and I'm sorry to bother you but we're running a story in tomorrow's paper that we thought you should have a chance to comment on.

MITCHELL (v.o.)
What does it say?

BERNSTEIN
(starting to read)
John N. Mitchell, while serving as U.S. Attorney General, personally controlled a secret cash fund that --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
- JESUS --

BERNSTEIN
- fund that was used to gather information against the Democrats -

MITCHELL (v.o.)
- JEESUS.

BERNSTEIN
- according to sources involved in the Watergate investigation. Beginning in the Spring of 1971 --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
- JEESUS.

BERNSTEIN
- almost a year before he left the Justice Department --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
- Jeeeeeeeeeesus -

BERNSTEIN
- to become President Nixon's campaign manager on March 1, Mitchell personally approved withdrawals from the fund --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
-- All that crap, you're putting it in the paper?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL (v.o.) (cont'd)
It's all been denied. You tell your publisher - tell Katie Graham she's gonna get her tit caught in a big wringer if that's published. Good Christ, that's the most sickening thing I ever heard.

BERNSTEIN
Sir, I'd like to ask you a few questions about --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
- what time is it?

BERNSTEIN
11:30.

MITCHELL (v.o.)
11:30? Morning or night?

BERNSTEIN
Night.

MITCHELL (v.o.)
Oh.

BERNSTEIN
The Committee has issued a statement about the story, but I'd like to ask a few --

MITCHELL (v.o.)
Did the Committee tell you to go ahead and publish the story? You fellows got a great ballgame going. As soon as you're done, we're going to do a story on all of <u>you</u>.

He hangs up.

286 INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT 286

Bernstein is at his desk. He's speaking on the phone with Bradlee.

287 INT. GEORGETOWN PARTY - NIGHT 287

Bradlee is at a dinner party in a lovely Federalist home. He's on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

BRADLEE
There was no question that you properly identified yourself?

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
None.

BRADLEE
Mitchell understood he was talking to a reporter?

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
Definitely.

BRADLEE
You have good notes?

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
Right.

BRADLEE
Cut the words 'her tit' and run it. This is a family newspaper.

288 BRADLEE 288

goes back to the dinner party to make his excuses.

289 & 290 OMITTED 289 & 290

291 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 291

TV set with seven o'clock news. TV footage of first denials segment.

291A INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 291A

Bradlee, Simons, Woodward and Bernstein are watching.

SIMONS
Same kind of crap.

BRADLEE
All non-denial denials. They doubt our ancestry but they never say the story isn't accurate.

291A CONTINUED:

BERNSTEIN
What's a real denial?

BRADLEE
If they ever start calling us goddamn liars --
(beat)
-- better start circling the wagons.

291B INT. DRUG STORE - DAY 291B

Bernstein slips onto a stool at the counter next to an F.B.I. Agent who's finishing his coffee, reading the financial page, grumbling about the market.

FBI AGENT
Time to go.

They walk out.

291C EXT. SIDEWALK - TREASURY DEPARTMENT - DAY 291C

Bernstein and an F.B.I. Agent are walking by the Treasury Department across the street from the White House.

FBI AGENT
You guys are causing big trouble at the Bureau. Our reports are showing up in the paper almost verbatim. You've been right on the mark - except for Mitchell. We didn't have that, that he controlled the funds. The agents have been busting ass but we're going back now to see if we missed anything.

The Agent raises his foot onto the Treasury Building fence to tie one of his shoes.

BERNSTEIN
What I don't understand is all the people who might know details of the bugging operation the FBI hasn't interviewed. And why have you conducted all of your interviews of CREEP personnel at CREEP Headquarters instead of at their homes where they might feel more free to speak out?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)
And why were the interviews always held in the presence of a lawyer for the Committee? That's not my idea of busting ass.

FBI AGENT
Listen, I can't speak for the whole Bureau, but I did what I was told. I followed my orders. Period.

BERNSTEIN
Who issued the orders?

The Agent tying his other shoe.

Bernstein looks across the street at the long lines of tourists with cameras waiting to enter the White House. He wonders if in some way he's being set up.

292 INT. MRS. GRAHAM'S OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY - SEPTEMBER 29th 292

A SECRETARY is seated at her desk. Woodward, tired, beaten, drained, approaches.

WOODWARD
To see Mrs. Graham.

The Secretary nods, rises.

293 INT. MRS. GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SEPTEMBER 29th 293

MRS. GRAHAM in her office as the Secretary lets Woodward in. He's nervous. She stands by the window, looking out as he crosses to her.

MRS. GRAHAM
I'm so glad you could come.

Woodward nods.

MRS. GRAHAM
You're...?

WOODWARD
Woodward.

She stares out the window again, quietly begins to talk.

293 CONTINUED: 293

MRS. GRAHAM
You know, the paper was my father's and then my husband's when they were alive and I was thinking back a year or two ago when Ben called me and said he wanted to publish the Pentagon Papers the next day. The Times had already been stopped from publishing any more of them and all my legal counsel said 'don't don't' and I was frightened but I knew if I said no, I'd lose the whole fifth floor. So we published, and that night, after I'd told Ben to go ahead, I woke up in the darkness and I thought, 'Oh my Lord, what am I doing to this newspaper?'
(she looks at Woodward)
I woke up again last night with the same question.

Woodward says nothing, waits.

MRS. GRAHAM
(continuing)
Are we right on this story?

WOODWARD
I think so.

MRS. GRAHAM
Are you sure?

WOODWARD
No.

MRS. GRAHAM
When will you be, do you think? -- When are we going to know it all?

WOODWARD
It may never come out.

MRS. GRAHAM
Please don't tell me never.
(beat)
Ben says you've found some wonderful sources.

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED: (2) 293

WOODWARD
Some Justice Department lawyers and an FBI man, and some people from the Committee to Re-elect, yes, ma'am.

MRS. GRAHAM
And the other one?... this... DEEP THROAT?

Woodward, more nervous now, nods.

MRS. GRAHAM
(continuing)
Would I know him?

WOODWARD
I couldn't say.

MRS. GRAHAM
But it's possible?

WOODWARD
(throat very dry)
It is.

MRS. GRAHAM
You've never told anyone who he is?

Woodward shakes his head.

MRS. GRAHAM
(continuing)
But you'd tell me if I asked you...

Woodward studies her. Decides. *

WOODWARD
(with difficulty) *
If you had to know.

Pause. Mrs. Graham smiles. A little laugh. *

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED 293

MRS. GRAHAM
I have plenty of burdens to carry around. I don't need another.

Abruptly she reaches out, touches Woodward on the arm.

MRS. GRAHAM
Do better.

Woodward makes a nod. HOLD. Then --

294 OMITTED 294 *
295 295 *
296 296 *

297 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 273

It looks terrific. Woodward comes hurrying along toward the Essex House on Central Park South. As he enters --

CUT TO:

298 INT. ESSEX HOUSE LOBBY - THE HOUSE PHONES - DAY 298

Woodward is the only one using them.

WOODWARD
Martha Mitchell, please.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
We have no Mitchells staying with us just now.

WOODWARD
My mistake, sorry.
(as he hangs up)

CUT TO:

299 INT. ESSEX HOUSE - THE FRONT DESK - DAY 299

as Woodward approaches.

WOODWARD
(very efficient)
Note paper.

The Desk Clerk nods, hands some over, and Woodward starts to write.

WOODWARD
(continuing)
This must get to John Mitchell when he returns. He's expecting it.

DESK CLERK
Yes, sir.

WOODWARD
(tucking note into envelope)
I don't have to tell you it's important.

He hands it over.

CUT TO:

300 THE CLERK - DAY 300

taking the envelope, places it into a slot numbered 710.

CUT TO:

301 WOODWARD - DAY 301

staring at the box number and when he's got it he turns and we --

CUT TO:

302 WOODWARD - DAY 302

getting out of the elevator on the seventh floor. He looks around.

CUT TO:

303 INT. HALLWAY NEAR ROOM 710 - DAY 303

It's at the end of the hall. As he halfway gets there, the door starts to open and we --

CUT TO:

304 INT. HALLWAY - WOODWARD - DAY 304

whirling to the nearest door, standing there, as if he were waiting for it to open. He glances over his shoulder and --

CUT TO:

305 INT. HALLEAY NEAR ROOM 710 - TWO LARGE GUARDS - DAY 305

One of them is leaving 710. The other remains inside.

CUT TO:

306 INT. HALLWAY - WOODWARD - DAY 306

doing his best to remain placid; he stands by his door. 710 shuts.

CUT TO:

307 INT. CORNER OF HALLWAY - TWO MAIDS - DAY 307

moving around the corridor. As they pass Woodward --

FIRST MAID
I think they went out --

WOODWARD
- they asked me to wait.

The Maids nod, move on. They stop at 710, push the buzzer, MARTHA MITCHELL opens the door. They go in. As she shuts it --

CUT TO:

308 INT. HALLWAY - WOODWARD - DAY 308

racing across to 710, pushing the buzzer and --

CUT TO:

309 INT. HALLWAY AT ROOM 710 - MARTHA MITCHELL - DAY 309

opening the door again.

MARTHA
(surprised)
I thought you'd be another maid --

WOODWARD
Mrs. Mitchell, I'm from the Washington Post.

MARTHA
Well, I'm so embarrassed, you caught me with grease on my face.

WOODWARD
- I interviewed you almost a year ago. In Washington. My name is Bob Woodward.

And now we begin a series of lines from Martha Mitchell. She stands in the doorway, smoking and talking, while behind her vacuum cleaners begin to SOUND. And beyond the foyer, moving continually almost into view then out again, the large guard watches.

MARTHA
... I remember. It was about that Power Plant across from the Watergate that was spewing all that filth right into our apartments ... and you said... I know what you said... "But Mrs. Mitchell, that's the plant that supplies the power to your husband's offices at the Justice Department." And I said, "well, let my John and all those others work by candlelight..." I remember that last part because that's the only time I've ever been quoted right... Oh... it seems everywhere I go there's pollution ... I'm going to go into politics myself and clean up the streets of New York... I love New York but the streets are dirty. I think I'll just have to clean up the streets...
(another angle)
But first, I'm going to write a book.

WOODWARD
Will it include Watergate?

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED: 309

MARTHA
(another angle)
The Watergate business? Oh no, I don't know much about that.
(she is suddenly nervous - then)
I don't think there should be re-elections -- one seven year term and then boom, out. They start running again after they're in office two years, I don't care which party you're talking about. All my adventures will come out in my book.

GUARD
Mrs. Mitchell?

MARTHA
(turning)
Yes?

GUARD
Telephone.

MARTHA
Oh.
(to Woodward)
Excuse me. If I did know about the Watergate, I'd save it for my book -- wouldn't I? I mean I wouldn't tell you.

CUT TO:

310 INT. HALLWAY - WOODWARD - DAY 310

MARTHA
You'll have to go.

CUT TO:

311 INT. HALLWAY AT ROOM 710 - THE GUARD - DAY 311

steps in and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

312 OMITTED 312

313 INT. ROSENFELD OFFICE - ROSENFELD - NIGHT 313

in his office, arguing with Woodward.

WOODWARD
What the hell you mean it's not a story --

ROSENFELD
I didn't say it wasn't a story, I said it was soft, write it for the woman's page.

WOODWARD
The woman's page? She was frightened -- every time I mentioned Watergate, she was frightened.

ROSENFELD
Yeah? Read that to me. Read in your notes where she says she's afraid. Go on, go on --

WOODWARD
- she didn't <u>say</u> it --

ROSENFELD
- then all you're doing is eyebrow reading -- she looked afraid - soft, soft, soft.

WOODWARD
-- <u>Harry, the phone didn't ring</u> --

ROSENFELD
-- You got perfect ears? -- you told me there were vacuums going, right?

Woodward just looks at him.

ROSENFELD
-- be happy with the woman's pages -- go write it.

CUT TO:

314 INT. ROSENFELD OFFICE - WOODWARD - NIGHT 314

WOODWARD
I don't care what you say, and I don't care what my notes say -- it was like she was being held prisoner. And when the wife of the former Attorney General of the U.S. is being held prisoner that's news.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED: 314

He stands there, steaming, until we --

CUT TO:

315 EXT. WASHINGTON POST - WOODWARD - NIGHT 315

moments later, leaving the Post. It's night and he gets in his car --

CUT TO:

316 BERNSTEIN - NIGHT 316

tearing up the sidewalk -- he's carrying a load of papers. As he calls 'Hey -- Hey -- '

CUT TO:

317 EXT. STREET - WOODWARD - NIGHT 317

starting the motor -- he hasn't heard Bernstein. As he starts to drive Bernstein keeps on coming, getting louder and louder and now Woodward slows and Bernstein gets in and --

CUT TO:

318 EXT./INT. WOODWARD CAR - HOLD ON CAR - NIGHT 318

as Woodward starts driving away. We hear them --

BERNSTEIN
(getting into car, breathless)
... Out of the blue... out of the fucking blue!

WOODWARD
What?...

BERNSTEIN
I get a tip to call a guy named Alex Shipley, an assistant attorney general of Tennessee. Shipley was asked in the summer of 1971 -- by an old Army buddy named Donald Segretti now a California lawyer -- to join a group of other lawyers for Nixon's campaign to sabotage Democratic candidates -- It's the kind of mind fuck the CIA does abroad.

(CONTINUED)

318 CONTINUED: 318

WOODWARD (OVER)
FBI know about Segretti?

BERNSTEIN
Hell, they interrogated him -- he made a bunch of phone calls to Howard Hunt -- but he wasn't involved with the break-in so they didn't follow up.

CUT TO:

319 INT. BERNSTEIN'S APT. - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - NIGHT - OCTOBER 6 319

They're in Bernstein's apartment, studying the table full of receipts from the credit cards. Bernstein plays the guitar.

WOODWARD
Look at this -- Segretti criss-crossed the country a dozen times, never stayed any place over a night or two, and always in states where the Democrats were having major primaries.

BERNSTEIN
This is so crazy, it's starting to make sense -- maybe Watergate wasn't about Watergate, maybe that was just a piece --

WOODWARD
-- Segretti was doing all this a year before Watergate --

BERNSTEIN
-- and a year before, Nixon wasn't slaughtering McGovern in the polls, he was running behind Muskie. Before Muskie self-destructed.

WOODWARD
(beat; then)
If he self-destructed.

CUT TO:

320 INT. BERNSTEIN APT. - THE CREDIT CARDS - NIGHT - OCTOBER 6 320

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the travels of Donald Segretti. There is the SOUND of Bernstein's guitar.

CUT TO:

321 INT. HALL AND DOORWAY SEGRETTI APARTMENT - A TINY, BABY-FACED MAN - PLAYA DEL REY, CALIF. - DAY 321

standing in his doorway.

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
Donald Segretti?

SEGRETTI
That's right.

CUT TO:

322 EXT. THE APARTMENT DOOR - DAY 322

We are, it will soon be clear, in California now; Marina Del Rey.

BERNSTEIN
I'm Carl Bernstein.

Segretti nods.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
My paper sent me out to see if I couldn't persuade you to go on the record.

SEGRETTI
There's no way.

BERNSTEIN
Mind if I try?

Segretti shrugs, and they enter his apartment.

323 INT. SEGRETTI APT./EXT. TERRACE - DAY 323

They walk across to a small terrace and outside, where they sit. The terrace has a glorious view of the water and lots of girls, below, in bathing costumes.

BERNSTEIN
Like it out here?

SEGRETTI
California? Sure.

BERNSTEIN
I figured. You did go to Southern Cal.

SEGRETTI
So did a lot of people.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
Like Dwight Chapin, Nixon's appointment chief. Chapin was a friend of yours at school.

SEGRETTI
There a point to all this?

BERNSTEIN
Just kind of thinking out loud. I mean, you tried enlisting other lawyers, and you told them that the White House knew what you were up to. And if I was trying to draw a line from Donald Segretti to the White House, it would go from you to Dwight Chapin who hired you to Haldeman who hired Chapin.
(looks at Segretti now)
When did Chapin hire you?

Segretti shakes his head, stares out at the girls.

BERNSTEIN
(continuing)
Do you feel much about the things you did?

SEGRETTI
I didn't do anything wrong.

BERNSTEIN
Tell that to Muskie.

SEGRETTI
Oh, maybe nickel and dime stuff.

BERNSTEIN
During the Florida primary, you wrote a letter on Muskie stationery saying Scoop Jackson had a bastard child. You wrote another that said Hubert Humphrey was out with call girls.

SEGRETTI
Sometimes it got up to a quarter maybe --
(to Bernstein)
-- off the record.

BERNSTEIN
You wrote the Canuck letter -- the one where you claimed Muskie slurred the Canadians.

SEGRETTI
I didn't write that.

BERNSTEIN
But you know who did.

SEGRETTI
When you guys print it in the papers, then I'll know.
(closes his eyes)
I'm a lawyer, and I'll probably go to jail, and be disbarred, and what did I do that was so awful?

Bernstein says nothing, waits.

SEGRETTI
(continuing)
None of it was my idea, Carl -- I didn't go looking for the job.

BERNSTEIN
Chapin did contact you then?

SEGRETTI
Off the record? Sure.

BERNSTEIN
At USC you had a word for screwing up the opposition -- ratfucking.

CUT TO:

324 EXT. TERRACE - CLOSEUP - SEGRETTI - DAY 324

staring at the girls and the blue water.

SEGRETTI
What would you have done if you were just getting out of the Army, if you'd been away from the real world for four years... if you weren't sure what kind of law you wanted to practice, and then one day you got a call from an old friend asking you to go to work for the President of the United States?

325 EXT. WOODWARD'S TERRACE - DAY 325

Woodward is putting out the flower pot. Bernstein is with him.

(CONTINUED)

BERNSTEIN
What would you have done?

WOODWARD
You asking would I have been one of the President's men?
(beat)
I might.

BERNSTEIN
For how long?

CUT TO:

326 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT 326

Woodward is alone.

327 DEEP THROAT - NIGHT 327

approaches.

DEEP THROAT
What's the topic for tonight?

WOODWARD
Ratfucking.

DEEP THROAT
In my day, it was simply called the double cross. In our context, it simply means infiltration of the Democrats.

WOODWARD
I know what it means -- Segretti wouldn't go on the record, but if he would, we know he'd implicate Chapin.

DEEP THROAT
... and that would put you inside the White House...

WOODWARD
Who? -- be specific. How high up?

DEEP THROAT
You'll have to find that out.

WOODWARD
The CREEP slush fund financed the ratfucking, we've almost got that nailed down, so...

(CONTINUED)

He stops as suddenly Deep Throat looks frozen.

DEEP THROAT
Did you change cabs?

WOODWARD
(frozen, then looking around)
Yes...

Deep Throat says nothing, paces and smokes, upset growing.

WOODWARD
(continuing; impatient)
Does the FBI know what we know? Does Justice know? Why haven't they done anything?

DEEP THROAT
If it didn't deal directly with the break-in, they didn't pursue.

WOODWARD
-- who told them not to?

DEEP THROAT
-- don't you understand what you're onto?

WOODWARD
Mitchell knew?

DEEP THROAT
Of course Mitchell knew -- do you think something this size just happens?

WOODWARD
Haldeman must have known about it too then.

DEEP THROAT
You get nothing from me about Haldeman.

WOODWARD
Segretti said...

DEEP THROAT
-- don't concentrate on Segretti! You'll miss the overall.

WOODWARD
-- the Canuck letter -- was that from inside the White House --

DEEP THROAT
Yes; yes. But you're missing the overall.

WOODWARD
What overall?

DEEP THROAT
They were frightened of Muskie and look who got destroyed -- they wanted to run against McGovern, and look who they're running against. They bugged, they followed people, false press leaks, fake letters, they cancelled Democratic campaign rallies, they investigated Democratic private lives, they planted spies, stole documents, on and on -- don't tell me you think this was all the work of little Don Segretti.

WOODWARD
And Justice and FBI know all this?

Deep Throat just looks at him. CAMERA HOLDS on look.

CUT TO:

328 INT. NEWSROOM - THE FIFTH FLOOR OF THE POST - DAY (EARLY AFTERNOON) 328

and it's noisy.

CUT TO:

329 INT. NEWSROOM - AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN HER MID-30'S - DAY 329

On her desk is her name, MARILYN BERGER. She is watching Bernstein who is standing by the water cooler nearby. As she gets up --

CUT TO:

330 INT. NEWSROOM NEAR WATER COOLER - BERNSTEIN - DAY 330

drinking water.

(CONTINUED)

BERGER
Do you guys know about the Canuck letter?

BERNSTEIN
(nods, drinks)
Um-hmm.
(looks at her now)
Why?

BERGER
I just wanted to be sure you knew who wrote it, that's all.

CUT TO:

331 INT. NEWSROOM AT WOODWARD'S DESK - WOODWARD - DAY 331

working at his desk, suddenly looking up as a SHOUT comes from the water cooler area, and then Bernstein is bringing Berger over.

BERNSTEIN
(half-hysterical)
Tell him what you just told me --

BERGER
-- Ken Clawsen told me he was the one who wrote it...

WOODWARD
-- Clawsen?

BERNSTEIN
The Deputy Director of White House Communications wrote the Canuck letters. Tell him everything, Marilyn.

BERGER
Not that much to say. Just that, well, I knew Ken from when he used to work here, and I had him over to my apartment a few weeks ago. And...
(she shrugs)
... he told me.

WOODWARD
(staring straight at Berger; it's a tough question)
Did he try to get you to go to bed with him?

BERNSTEIN
Oh, for Christ's sake, Woodward, of course, he wanted to... what do you think...

WOODWARD
-- no, I want to hear it from Marilyn -- do you think he was trying to impress you somehow to get you into bed?

BERGER
(beat)
I wouldn't be totally surprised...

332 OMITTED 332

333 and 334 A FROZEN SHOT OF MUSKIE IN THE SNOW 333 and 334

in tears, standing on the flat-bed truck. This was in the New Hampshire primary, just after the Canuck letter was published.

PULL BACK to reveal Woodward's desk in newsroom, day.

Woodward is on the phone:

WOODWARD
You claiming it was all a misunderstanding.

CLAWSON (v.o.)
Absolutely -- Marilyn's gotten it totally wrong.

WOODWARD
She's an awfully good reporter -- I can't remember her getting too much wrong before, can you?

CLAWSON (v.o.)
That's a bullshit question, that's a question straight out of Wichita, Kansas.

WOODWARD
Sorry, oh, listen -- one last thing. where did your talk with Berger happen?

CLAWSON (v.o.)
Where?
(beat)
What do you mean, where?

WOODWARD
(casually)
Well, was it in a bar, her apartment, some restaurant --

CLAWSON (v.o.)
I've forgotten the entire incident, except I know it wasn't in her apartment.

He hangs up. Woodward does the same, rubs his eyes, calls out to Berger at her desk.

WOODWARD
Non-denial denial, Marilyn.

Berger is about to reply when her phone RINGS. She picks it up, glances at Woodward, mouths 'it's him' as we:

CUT TO:

335 INT. NEWSROOM - BERGER'S DESK - DAY 335

Berger on the phone, Clawson again on the other end.

CLAWSON (v.o.)
For chrissakes, don't tell them I came to your place.

BERGER
I already told them.

CLAWSON (v.o.)
Oh, that's terrific, that's just so terrific, I'm thrilled you did that.

BERGER
I have a clear conscience.

CLAWSON (v.o.)
Marilyn, I have a wife and a family and a dog and a cat --

Now from this --

CUT TO:

336 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - DAY 336

Bradlee in his office gesturing.

CUT TO:

337 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 337

heading toward the office. As they enter --

BRADLEE
I got Clawson on hold --

WOODWARD
-- His dialing finger must be falling off --

BRADLEE
-- what do you think? --

WOODWARD
-- he went to her apartment and he told her he wrote the letter.

BRADLEE
I could care less about where it happened; what happened is what counts.
(punches phone button, picks up the phone)
Ken, what's up, kid?
(pause)
Slow down, Ken, you sound frazzled.
(pause)
A wife and a family and a dog and a cat, right, Ken.
(pause)
Ken, I don't want to print that you were in Marilyn's apartment at night... Just tell me what you said in Marilyn's apartment.

CUT TO:

337A INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT 337A

Both Woodward and Bernstein are typing. Standing nearby, ready to pull out their stories from their typewriters is Rosenfeld. As they finish, he reaches over and takes out the story:

337B INT. POST LOADING AREA - NIGHT 337B

Big stacks of papers are dumped onto the big trucks.

337C EXT. STATLER HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT 337C

A MAN is waiting at the outside newspaper rack in front of the hotel. He gathers up six copies of the Washington Post and goes to his car, drives off.

338 EXT. GUARD STATION AT THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT 338

as the Man drives through the gate, he shows his pass. On the seat next to him are the six newspapers with the huge headline:

NIXON AIDES SABOTAGED DEMOCRATS

DISSOLVE TO:

338A EXT. PRESS SECERETARY'S OFFICE - DUSK (NEXT DAY) 338A

We see only three windows. Not the rest of the White House. CAMERA MOVES THRU WINDOWS to a television set and then to another television set, and on to a third set. The SHOT WIDENS to show the three sets neatly placed next to each other and next to them is an American flag. On the television sets we see MacGregor's Press Conference denouncing Wood-stein article.

338B CAMERA PANS THRU ONE OF THREE WINDOWS - DUSK 338B

onto the White House lawn. On the lawn stands a network REPORTER whom we have just seen on one of the TV sets.

338C POV OF REPORTER THRU WINDOWS - DUSK 338C

We see the television cameras and equipment. And we see the fence at the edge of the White House lawn and beyond the fence the pickets protesting Viet Nam.

339 OMITTED 339

340 INT. THE SAN SOUCI RESTAURANT - LUNCH - BRADLEE, WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 340

Bradlee is chipper as hell.

BRADLEE
(makes quote marks)
'The story is fundamentally inaccurate.' 'The story is a fountain of misinformation.'
(shakes his head)
The English language puts up with a lot.
(glances at the reporters - they are exhausted)
Howard tells me you're about to get an on the record story that Chapin hired Segretti.

They nod.

BRADLEE
(continuing)
That means we're inside the White House now.
(he signals for a waiter)
That's why I wanted to talk -- we've got to be careful because --

The waiter is nearby now.

BRADLEE
(continuing)
-- either of you want a drink or shall I order? --

They don't.

And he suddenly goes into perfect French with the waiter, discussing the entree and the salad and the wine and as the waiter goes --

BRADLEE
(continuing)
-- because our cocks are on the chopping block and you've got to be sure that you're not just dealing with people who hate Richard Nixon and want to get him through us.

A wine steward appears, hands Bradlee the list. As he examines it, a MAN walks up to the table, stands there.

(CONTINUED)

340 CONTINUED: 340

MAN
You none of you know who I am, do you?

They don't.

MAN
(continuing)
You don't even know what I look like.

BRADLEE
Okay, who are you?

MAN
Glenn Sedam -- you wrote about me last week, you said I was one of the guys at the Committee who was sent reports by Hunt. You were wrong.

BERNSTEIN
Our source said it was you.

SEDAM
(looks at the reporters; terribly upset)
My phone hasn't stopped ringing, my wife's hysterical, my kids think I'm mixed up with the burglary, my friends don't like me around all of a sudden, and I don't care what your source said, you were wrong!

CUT TO:

341 CLOSEUP - SEDAM 341

SEDAM
You fucked around my life, you two.
(starts off)
I just wanted to say thanks.

CUT TO:

342 BRADLEE - DAY 342

watching Woodward and Bernstein, who are upset.

(CONTINUED)

342 CONTINUED: 342

BRADLEE
That didn't sound to me like a non-denial denial.

They nod.

BRADLEE
(continuing)
You had a good source?

Nod.

BRADLEE
(continuing)
Did he have an ax?

BERNSTEIN
He was a Democrat.

BRADLEE
Then he had an ax... I want you to re-check that story again, and if you made a mistake all right then we all have -- just don't make another.
(beat)
And watch your personal lives, who you hang around with. Someone once said the price of democracy is a bloodletting every ten years.
(beat)
Make sure it isn't our blood --

Now from Bradlee in the fancy French restaurant --

CUT TO:

343 INT. McDONALD'S - A TABLE COVERED WITH JUNK FOOD - THAT EVENING - NIGHT 343

Woodward sits staring mindlessly, downing a Big Mac. Bernstein is visible on the telephone. They both are about to drop. Bernstein returns, picks up a double cheeseburger, starts to eat. They're clearly neither of them hungry, but at least eating gives them something to do.

BERNSTEIN
Can't you go to Deep Throat on Haldeman?

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED: 343

WOODWARD
I've got nothing for him to confirm -- We think he's the fifth man to control the slush fund, but we don't know.

BERNSTEIN
Sloan knows.

WOODWARD
We've practically camped out with the guy for the last weeks. I think we've dried him up.

BERNSTEIN
How 'bout if we tell him we know it's Haldeman, that we've got it, that we've already written it, and all he has to do is confirm.

WOODWARD
(thinks, and then)
Call him.

BERNSTEIN
That's who I was calling; no one there.

WOODWARD
Maybe he's just not answering. Come on.

CUT TO:

344 HUGH SLOAN - DAY 344

He stands in the doorway, a broom and a dust pan in his hands.

SLOAN
-- Please...

BERNSTEIN
... Look, we've already written this story. We just need you to confirm...

SLOAN
-- Debbie's due to have the baby, my in-laws are arriving --

(CONTINUED)

344 CONTINUED: 344

WOODWARD
-- the cash that financed Watergate ... five men had control -

BERNSTEIN
- Mitchell, Stans, Magruder and Kalmbach -

WOODWARD
-- we just found out Haldeman's the fifth...

SLOAN
-- I'm not your source on that --

BERNSTEIN
-- we don't need you to be, we've got it, but if you confirmed --

SLOAN
-- I'm not your source on Haldeman --

BERNSTEIN
-- but when the Watergate grand jury questioned you, you named names...

SLOAN
-- of course -- everything they asked --

WOODWARD
-- if we wrote a story that says that Haldeman controlled the fund - ?
(looks at Sloan)

SLOAN
Let me put it this way: I have no problems if you wrote a story like that.

The reporters glance at each other, then away as we:

CUT TO:

345 INT. BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY 345

Bernstein is on the phone in the living room -- Woodward is on the phone in the bedroom.

FBI MAN
-- No, you get nothing about Haldeman outta me --

(CONTINUED)

345 CONTINUED: 345

WOODWARD
-- We don't need it now, because tomorrow's story is about the F.B.I.

BERNSTEIN
-- about how all you supposed experts really blew the whole investigation...

FBI GUY (stung)
-- we didn't miss so much --

WOODWARD
-- You never knew Haldeman had control of the slush fund --

FBI GUY
-- It's all in our files --

BERNSTEIN
-- not about Haldeman --

FBI GUY
Yeah, Haldeman, John Haldeman.

They hang up and savor the moment but only briefly as it hits them -- Woodward rushes out of the bedroom as Bernstein dashes through the living room to meet him --

BERNSTEIN
-- Jesus --

WOODWARD
-- he said John Haldeman, not Bob Haldeman.

BERNSTEIN
But he said "Haldeman". *

WOODWARD *
But he said "John".

And they both split again and rush back to their respective phones.

CUT TO:

346 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - DAY - OCTOBER 24TH 346

Woodward, Bernstein, Bradlee, Simons and Rosenfeld are there.

BRADLEE
(staring at the typed story)
-- I don't know, I don't know, it feels thin.

(CONTINUED)

346 CONTINUED: 346

SIMONS
-- Christ, I wish I knew if we should print this --

ROSENFELD
-- listen, we didn't make them do these things -- once they did, they're fair game.

SIMONS
(to the reporters)
-- go over your sources again --

WOODWARD
-- Sloan told the Grand Jury -- he answered everything they asked him -- that means there's a record somewhere --

BERNSTEIN
-- and the F.B.I. confirms -- what more do you need?

ROSENFELD
(whirling on Bernstein)
-- listen, I happen to love this country. We're not a bunch of goddamned zanies out to bring it down.

SIMONS
-- Harry, weren't you just arguing the opposite way? --

ROSENFELD
-- maybe; I'm tense --

BRADLEE
-- well, shit, we oughtta be tense -- we're about to accuse Mr. Haldeman who only happens to be the second most important man in America of conducting a criminal conspiracy from inside the White House --
(beat)
-- it would be nice if we were right --

SIMONS
(to the reporters)
-- you double-checked both sources?

They nod.

(CONTINUED)

346 CONTINUED: (2) 346

BRADLEE
-- Bernstein, are you sure on this story?

BERNSTEIN
-- Absolutely --

BRADLEE
(to Woodward)
-- what about you?

WOODWARD
-- I'm sure --

BRADLEE
-- I'm not sure, it still feels thin --
(looks at Simons)

SIMONS
(to Woodward and Bernstein, after a pause)
-- get another source.

Now quickly:

CUT TO:

347 INT. NEWSROOM OUTSIDE BRADLEE'S OFFICE - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 347

are huddling.

BERNSTEIN
-- How many fucking sources they think we got? -- What about Deep Throat?

WOODWARD
-- Deep Throat won't confirm -- I never thought he was scared of anyone, but he's scared of Haldeman.

BERNSTEIN
I know a guy in the Justice Department.
(looks at Woodward)

WOODWARD
-- We got twenty minutes to deadline --

(CONTINUED)

347 CONTINUED: 347

BERNSTEIN
He was around the Grand Jury.

And as he speaks:

CUT TO:

348 INT. NEWSROOM - BERNSTEIN - DAY 348

talking softly from a relatively private phone in the newsroom. The voice of the lawyer is also whispered and scared to death.

LAWYER'S VOICE (o.s.)
... I won't say anything about Haldeman... not ever...

BERNSTEIN
(desperate)
All right -- listen -- it's against the law if you talk, right? -- But you don't have to say a thing -- I'll count to ten -- if the story's wrong, hang up before I get there - if it's okay stay on the line till after, got it?

LAWYER (o.s.)
Hang up, right?

BERNSTEIN
Right, right -- okay, counting: one, two --
(he inhales deeply)
-- three, four, five, six --
(building)
-- seven, eight...
(hard to talk)
-- nine... ten... thank you.

LAWYER (o.s.)
You got it straight now? Everything okay?

BERNSTEIN
Everything is just fine!

And as he signals success over to Woodward's desk:

CUT TO:

349 INT. NEWSROOM - WOODWARD'S DESK - WOODWARD - DAY 349

talking at his desk with Simons.

SIMONS
What do you think?

WOODWARD
I'm sure.

SIMONS
We can always hold it for another day.

WOODWARD
You don't have to. We believe the story's solid.

And as Simons nods --

CUT TO:

350 EXT. STATLER HILTON HOTEL - DAY - OCTOBER 25th 350

The Man (we saw earlier in Sc. 337C) goes to the newspaper vending machine and takes out six copies of the Washington Post. We see the headline - a photo visible of Haldeman.

"TESTIMONY TIES TOP NIXON AIDE TO SECRET FUND..."

He takes the papers and dashes to his waiting car.

351 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - THE TELEVISION SET - DAY 351

The television set is on. We see a White House spokesman.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN
On the record let me say just this: the story is totally untrue. On background, I'd like to add that Bob Haldeman is one of the greatest public servants this country has ever had and the story is a goddamned lie.

352 INT. NEWSROOM OUTSIDE BRADLEE'S OFFICE - DAY 352

He comes roaring out of his office doorway.

BRADLEE
<u>Woodstein!</u>

CUT TO:

353 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 353

tearing into Bradlee's office -- he stands scowling at the TV set in a corner of the room -- outside, it is raining like hell.

CUT TO:

354 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - THE TV SET - DAY 354

Sloan is walking along toward a large office building; he is flanked by a lawyer. A TV reporter (it was Daniel Schorr) is walking alongside, mike in hand.

SCHORR
Mr. Sloan, would you care to comment on your testimony before the Grand Jury.

SLOAN
My lawyer says --

SLOAN'S LAWYER
- the answer is an unequivocal no. Mr. Sloan did not implicate Mr. Haldeman in that testimony at all.

CUT TO:

355 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 355

They look sick. Desperate, tired, stunned, confused; there is nothing to say.

CUT TO:

356 BRADLEE - DAY 356

glaring at them. HOLD on Bradlee... then:

CUT TO:

357 EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY - OCTOBER 25th 357

in the rain, and:

CUT TO:

358 INT. CORRIDOR IN THE BUILDING AS THE FBI MAN - DAY 358

retreats down the hall. Woodward and Bernstein, soaked, chase after him.

FBI MAN
No. I'm not talking to you about Haldeman or anything else.

BERNSTEIN
-- what went wrong? --

FBI MAN
No.

BERNSTEIN
This is no game. We need answers now.

WOODWARD
(holding copy of Bernstein's notes)
These are the notes of your conversation. It's time for some straight answers.

BERNSTEIN
Or we'll have to take it up with your boss.

FBI MAN
What the hell are you talking about? I'll deny everything.

WOODWARD
We don't want to get anyone in trouble. We just have to know what, if any, errors we've made. If we made a mistake --

BERNSTEIN
We have reason to believe we made a mistake.

WOODWARD
We want to come down off the story if we did, but the last thing we want to do is come down off the story if we don't have to.

BERNSTEIN
Based on what we know, we think something's wrong, or somebody's setting us up.

(CONTINUED)

358 CONTINUED: 358

FBI MAN *
I'm not talking about it. I'm not talking to you about Haldeman, not about anything. I can't even be seen standing with you two bastards.

BERNSTEIN *
Something got screwed up. We don't know what it is, somebody's got to tell us what it is.

WOODWARD *
All we're saying is if we're wrong, we have to be able to tell our readers that we're wrong. We've got that obligation.

FBI MAN *
(to Woodward)
Fuck you!
(to Bernstein)
Fuck you!

He turns fast and goes into his office.

CUT TO:

359 INT. OFFICE IN FBI BUILDING - DAY 359

Woodward and Bernstein are standing across the desk from an older man -- and the older FBI BOSS isn't smiling.

FBI BOSS
What else can you tell me about him.

BERNSTEIN
That's all.

WOODWARD
He was feeding us information that may not have been accurate.

FBI BOSS
You know, you may have seriously affected the course of his career...?

WOODWARD
-- that wasn't our objective --

BERNSTEIN
-- we just were interested in the truth --

FBI BOSS
I have always known a few of my men -- for whatever reasons -- have leaked to the press. But never since I've been at the Bureau, has the press broken the confidence of a source.

CUT TO:

360 OMITTED 360

361 WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - DAY 361

walking out of the FBI Headquarters.

BERNSTEIN
Woodward? What was the mistake? Do you think it's been rigged, all along the way, leading us on so they slip it to us when it mattered?

362 OMITTED 362

363 INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT 363

A pall has settled on the city room. People walk by, glancing at Woodward and Bernstein.

364 INT. BRADLEE'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING - DAY 364

Simons sits across from Bradlee as Rosenfeld enters quietly with a bundle of teletype paper.

SIMONS
(indicating the papers)
More denunciations?

ROSENFELD
(nods)
One Senator just gave a speech slurring us fifty-seven times in twenty minutes. I knew we had enemies but I had no idea we were this popular.

Bradlee has started typing something brief. When Rosenfeld's done, so is he. He hands it to Simons.

SIMONS
What's this?

BRADLEE
My non-denial denial.

ROSENFELD
We're not printing a retraction?

CUT TO:

365 CLOSEUP - BRADLEE - DAY 365

He is thoughtful for a while, staring out towards the newsroom.

BRADLEE
Fuck it, let's stand by the boys.

And he spins out of the room as we:

CUT TO:

366 EXT. WOODWARD'S TERRACE - NIGHT 366

The flower pot. Inside, the phone RINGS and:

CUT TO:

367 INT. WOODWARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 367

WOODWARD
Hello?

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
What'd you find out?

WOODWARD
Jesus Christ, what time is it?

BERNSTEIN (v.o.)
You overslept?

WOODWARD
Goddammit -!

368 EXT. STREET WITH TUNNEL OF TREES - NIGHT - OCTOBER 25th 368

The night is chilly and he's dressed with heavier clothes, but his hair is wild, clothes half-buttoned; he runs through the darkened street. Up the street he sees a cab.

369 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 369

The cab is getting gas. He gets into the cab. A beat later, a car pulls into the gas station with TWO WELL DRESSED MEN in it.

370 INT. CAB - NIGHT 370

Woodward spots them.

371 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 371

One of the well dressed men gets out of his car, crosses to a nearby phone booth.

372 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT 372

Woodward's cab is filled now and drives out of the station.

372A INT. CAB - NIGHT 372A

Woodward looks back.

372B EXT. WASHINGTON STREETS - NIGHT 372B

LONG SHOT in Washington.

373 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 373

The car is following the cab.

374 EXT. DU PONT CIRCLE - NIGHT 374

Woodward's cab is in Du Pont Circle. The car is still following him.

375 INT. WOODWARD'S CAB - NIGHT 375

He looks back and sees it.

376 EXT. KENNEDY CENTER - NIGHT 376

Woodward's cab stops. Crowds of people are pouring out of the building. Woodward gets out of his cab and moves into the crowd, gets lost.

377 EXT. KENNEDY CENTER - ANOTHER SIDE - NIGHT 377

Woodward emerges from the crowd on another side of the Kennedy Center and gets into a SECOND CAB. We watch the cab disappear.

378 OMITTED 378

379 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - CLOSEUP - DEEP THROAT - NIGHT 379

He's mad. PULL BACK to reveal:

380 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT 380

Deep Throat and Woodward.

WOODWARD
-- the pressure's off the White House and it's all back on the Post --

DEEP THROAT
You let Haldeman slip away...

(CONTINUED)

380 CONTINUED: 380

WOODWARD
Yes...

DEEP THROAT
-- You've done worse than let Haldeman slip away, you've got people feeling sorry for him -- I didn't think that was possible. A conspiracy like this-- the rope has to tighten slowly around everyone's neck. You build from the outer edges and you go step by step. If you shoot too high and miss, then everybody feels more secure. You've put the investigation back months.

WOODWARD
-- We know that... and if we were wrong, we're resigning... were we wrong?

DEEP THROAT
-- you'll have to find that out, won't you? --

WOODWARD
(exploding)
-- I'm tired of your chickenshit games -- I don't want hints, I need what you know!

CUT TO:

381 INT. GARAGE - DEEP THROAT - NIGHT 381

Startled by the vehemence, he hesitates and:

CUT TO:

382 INT. GARAGE - WOODWARD - NIGHT 382

watching, watching. Then:

CUT TO:

383 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DEEP THROAT - NIGHT 383

starting to talk.

(CONTINUED)

383 CONTINUED: 383

DEEP THROAT
It was a Haldeman operation --

Woodward takes a breath, nods.

DEEP THROAT
-- the whole business was run by Haldeman, the money, everything. He was insulated, it won't be easy getting at him, you'll have to find out how.
(going on)
Migchell started doing covert stuff before everyone else. The list is longer than anyone could imagine. The covert activities involve the entire U.S. intelligence community and are incredible. The cover-up had little to do with Watergate, but was mainly to protect the covert operations. It leads everywhere.

Woodward just stands there, listening, stunned.

CUT TO:

384 CLOSEUP - DEEP THROAT - NIGHT 384

DEEP THROAT
Get out your notebook... There's more...

CUT TO:

385 INT. HALLWAY - BERNSTEIN'S APARTMENT - WOODWARD - NIGHT - OCTOBER 25th 385

comes to Bernstein's apartment. Bernstein answers door and starts to talk about Sloan.

WOODWARD
(cuts him off)
Sh, sh, sh.
(goes to Bernstein's stereo, turns it full blast, then goes to typewriter and writes)
Deep Throat says our lives may be in danger. Surveillance. Bugging.

(CONTINUED)

385 CONTINUED: 385

Bernstein takes over typewriter and writes:

BERNSTEIN
I talked to Sloan. Heard what we wanted to hear. He said he would have named Haldeman to Grand Jury - was ready to blame Haldeman but nobody asked him about Haldeman.

386 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - WOODWARD'S CAR - NIGHT 386

driving through a nice residential area. It's the middle of the night. They stop. Get out and as they do:

CUT TO:

387 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - A BARKING DOG - NIGHT 387

charging at them out of the darkness.

CUT TO:

388 EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN - NIGHT 388

recoiling in fear. Then they get their act together, ignore the animal and we:

CUT TO:

389 EXT. BEN BRADLEE'S HOUSE - BEN BRADLEE - NIGHT 389

standing in pajamas in his doorway. Woodward and Bernstein are outside.

BRADLEE
You couldn't have told me over the phone?

WOODWARD
We can't trust the phones any more.

And he beckons for Bradlee to follow them out. As they move into the lawn away from the house --

BRADLEE
What, we can't talk inside either?

(CONTINUED)

389 CONTINUED: 389

WOODWARD
Deep Throat says electronic surveillance is going on.

BRADLEE
Who's doing it?

WOODWARD
(mouths the answer)
C.I.A.

BERNSTEIN
I talked to my Justice source -- the one I counted ten with on the phone -- what I said to him was 'hang up' and I guess he heard 'hang on.' I was eyebrow-reading and it turned out to be the wrong eyebrow.

WOODWARD
But the thrust of the story was solid; Haldeman was the fifth man. So maybe you could say that we screwed up, but we weren't wrong.

BRADLEE
(nods)
Anything else from Mr. Throat?

WOODWARD
(hesitates; then)
People's lives are in danger, maybe including ours.

CUT TO:

390 EXT. BRADLEE HOUSE AND STREET - BRADLEE - NIGHT 390

He nods again, starts walking the two reporters back towards Woodward's car.

BRADLEE
He's wrong on that last, we're not in the least danger, because nobody gives a shit -- what was that Gallup Poll result? Half the country's never even heard the word Watergate.

CUT TO:

391 EXT. STREET - WOODWARD'S CAR - NIGHT 391

as the three approach.

BRADLEE
Look, you're both probably a little tired, right?

They nod.

BRADLEE
(continuing)
You should be, you've been under a lot of pressure. So go home, have a nice hot bath, rest up fifteen minutes if you want before you get your asses back in gear --
(louder now)
-- because we're under a lot of pressure, too, and you put us there -- not that I want it to worry you -- nothing's riding on you except the First Amendment of the Constitution plus the freedom of the press plus the reputation of a hundred-year-old paper plus the jobs of the two thousand people who work there --
(still building)
-- but none of that counts as much as this: you fuck up again, I'm gonna lose my temper.

And as they get back into the car --

CUT TO:

392 INT. THE NEWSROOM - EARLY MORNING - OCTOBER 26 392

Woodward and Bernstein are typing at their desks.

As they continue to work, we begin to hear the various people that have been heard before giving denials --

MacGregor and Ziegler (whose press conference, by the way, you might want to include part of after the Daniel Schorr TV interview with Sloan).

At any rate, the vilifications continue, going on and on as Woodward and Bernstein keep typing.

(CONTINUED)

392 CONTINUED: 392

Now, for the first time, we see faces -- all the President's men, only these aren't fashion portraits, they're mug shots taken:

McCord, and across his face, the word convicted. Liddy: convicted. Barker, Sturgis, Gonzales, Martinez: convicted. Howard Hunt: convicted.

The denunciations are getting louder now. Woodward and Bernstein work on.

Magruder, convicted. And Krogh and Dean and Mitchell and Ehrlichman and Haldeman, all, all convicted.

Woodward and Bernstein work on.

The typing SOUND never stops...

FINAL FADE OUT.

THE END